NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

RISDON DEL. SC.

VOL. IX.—No. 3. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

OUR NOBLE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

I.

Up, arm, and out, in thunder peals rings Freedom's battle cry,
And quick as lightning rends the clouds Hibernia's sons reply;
Up, arm, and out, the Sixty-Ninth is marshalled in the van,
To war for priceless Liberty—that holy right of man:
And woe unto the traitor hordes who dare dispute their way
While they are led by Corcoran, the Sarsfield of the day;
For they will strike as freemen strike for blessings they enjoy,
And leave a tale for history, like glorious Fonteney.

II.

The shamrock of bright Erin's isle floats with the stripes and stars,
And braver hearts ne'er volunteered upon the field of Mars:
For they will make their mark sublime wherever they advance,
As when they led to victory the chivalry of France.
Strike for the shrine of Liberty, "your altars, and your fires,"
Strike for your wives and children dear, your matrons, and your sires;
Strike for Columbia's noble cause, the isle of emerald green,
And give one rousing royal blow for Norah and Kathleen.

III.

Remember Robert Emmett's fate—the inspired muse of Moore—
Yield not an inch of Freedom's soil upon Columbia's shore;
With stirring drum and piercing fife, and bristling front of steel,
Show to the world how Irishmen in Freedom's cause can feel;
For by the glorious Lord of Hosts the welkin wide will ring,
In one continual thunder shout—that Cotton is *not* king:
The voice of nations answers back an echo to the free,
Rouse every son of Ireland, the bright gem of the sea.

IV.

Then hand and glove fraternal love shall guide the sword and pen,
For never more will Erin writhe in slavery again;
Her dastard Lutrells, serpent-tongued, shall grovel in the dust,
When all their arms of treachery are laid away to rust.
And though an ocean rolls between, dividing us apart,
Columbia's pulse in unison will throb with Erin's heart.
On, Sixty-Ninth! where glory leads the standard of the brave,
And guard the land our fathers' blood unto their children gave.

THE DESPERATE STAKE

OR,

THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE THIRST FOR GOLD, INCENDIARISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. POOLE,

Dramatist.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Reader—Mr. Author! Author—reader! Reader—Author! "Happy to see you!" "Charming weather!" "Delightful day, this!" "Looks as though it would be fine to-morrow." After the usual style.

There, now, we are acquainted, and I hope we shall get along amicably together; in fact, I feel that we shall. However, a great deal of that depends upon yourself, kind ——No, I wont say "kind reader," that's "played out." "Kind readers," "gentle readers," "dear readers," and "generous readers" have all been addressed before. Therefore, I'll say—Sporting reader. Yes, that will do very well. Sporting reader, in order that we may agree, and sail along in smooth water, it is necessary that you be not too exacting. I take up my pen, I dip it in the "ebon fluid," I apply it to the paper with a determination to do "my prettiest." If my story pleases you, the credit is mine; if it does not, the fault is yours.

Selah! So be it! Amen!

CHAPTER I.

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."
—SHAKESPEARE.

The Old House in Hester Street—The Widow's Grief—Unaccountable Absence of Amy Sterne—Fears and Doubts—The Plea of the Starving—"So Hungry"—An Angel's Visit—Mrs. Donohoe—Sound Logic and Substantial Aid—"Irish Molly, Oh"—A Friend in Need—An Opinion Wanted—Irish Stew—The Widow's Prayer.

One! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven!

The clock ceased striking.

The clock stood on the mantel-piece in a small room, a garret room in a tumble-down frame house in Hester street, not far from Centre. The furniture of the room, if furniture it could be called, was of the meanest and most dilapidated sort; a table, both leaves of which had been long since torn from their hinges, stood in one corner; near it a chair without a back, and a stool with but three legs (the fourth had been accidentally amputated); a small stove, red with rust; a plain wooden bureau that had once been painted; a wooden box containing the family wardrobe; a low bedstead, bound with many a cord to keep it together; and a small closet containing the few "pots, pans and crockery ware," that served the family wants, were all the contents inanimate of the room. No carpet covered the floor; no pictures adorned the walls; not even a curtain hindered the full light of day from entering the wretched room. Yet the occupants of that miserable apartment had once trod on carpets that sunk beneath the feet; had once reclined on couches of down; had sat on brocaded silk and rosewood; had rested their eyes on pictures worth their weight in gold; had eaten from silver dishes; had every luxury the taste could suggest or money furnish. But of that anon.

The clock struck eleven. As the sound of the last stroke vibrated through the room, a woman who had been sitting by the table, rose from her seat, and pacing the room, spoke in anxious tones:—

"Eleven o'clock, and Amy has not come yet. Oh, God! what must have become of the poor sufferer? My heart is full of terrors. My heart, so wrung, so crushed. Oh! was it not enough at one fell blow to lose husband, wealth, position, friends, all that made me the happiest as well as the most envied of women? Amy has never been out this late before. I know not what to think; but, Oh, Heaven! the fear that creeps o'er my soul, and will not be stayed. My child! my child! where, where are you? What can detain you from a mother's arms? Amy! Amy! Amy! Oh, come—come home to me!"

As she gave vent to her feelings in words, her excitement increased; faster and faster she paced the floor, wringing her hands, and bowing her head, the large tears coursing down her cheeks.

"Oh, this is worse than all!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps death has overtaken my child—perhaps worse. Merciful Heaven! it will not bear thinking of—the thought would drive me wild. Can a just Deity rain down so many sorrows on one poor head—can——"

Her speech was broken off by a cry from the low bed. She was instantly at its side. The falling tears were checked in their course.

"Mother! mother! I cannot sleep."

The voice was that of a child, a boy of seven years, the widow's only son, Robert Stern. The family consisted of Mrs. Stern, Amy (aged sixteen) and Robert.

What ails you, dear?" was the fond enquiry, as the sorrowing mother bent down and kissed her child.

"I cannot sleep, I am so hungry."

So hungry, and—God of Heaven!—not a crust in the house—not the price of a single loaf. So hungry, and but one short year before had he asked for gold and could have eaten it, it was his. So hungry! Oh, that widow's heart!

The salt tears resumed their course. "So hungry!" but two words; but two—how terrible!

"Try to sleep, dear; you shall have bread to-morrow."

And to-morrow where was it to come from? The mother knelt by the bedside and soothed and patted her boy until at length sleep came once more. He slept, to dream perhaps of plenty; perhaps of that world where those two words "So hungry" are never heard. He slept, and in his sleep a smile lit his wan young face. The widow stooped over to kiss him; as she did so a tear drop fell upon his cheek. The smile vanished; he turned uneasily upon his side, but did not awaken.

A footstep on the stairs caught the widow's ear. For a moment, and but for a moment, her eyes lighted up. The footstep was not Amy's.

A knock at the door. A knock at that late hour.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a figure entered. The figure was that of a stout, good-natured looking, plainly dressed woman of about six and thirty years. The face of the "figure" was round and fat; a pair of small eyes twinkled like diminutive stars, and a good humored smile lit the countenance and made a physiognomy that otherwise would have little to recommend it; if not positively handsome, at least wonderfully prepossessing.

This was Mrs. Donohoe, or, as she insisted on being called, Molly Donohoe; or as her lesser half, Danny Donohoe, in his merriest moments designated her, "Irish Molly, Oh."

Mrs. Donohoe, having advanced two steps from the door, stood still, her hands, under her apron, were evidently holding something which she wished to conceal. She seemed puzzled what to say, for Mrs. Sterne's manner was such as forbade familiarity. Though steeped in poverty, there was that about her which, as Mrs. D. declared, showed "she was the betthers of all around her, bekase, poor craythur, she had seen betther days."

Mrs. Donohoe was in an "amplush." She soon resolved, however, to break the ice.

"Good evening to ye, *Alanna*."

"Good evening."

"I hard ye stirring, *Acushla*, so I come up to ax ye how ye wor, just."

This was a falsehood—though a justifiable one—Mrs. D. had "come up" for a different purpose.

"It's late you're up, *Avourneen*. An how are the childher, mam?"

"My boy sleeps; but my daughter—Oh, Amy! Amy!—she is abroad; she has not returned. I am beset with a thousand fears. I know not what has happened to her."

"And how long has she been gone, mam?"

"She has been absent since one o'clock. She went out to seek employment, promising to return at sunset; it is now almost midnight, and yet she comes not." Again the tears coursed down.

"Arrah—there now—there now—don't be afther taking on that way," exclaimed Mrs. Donohoe. "Shure! it stands to raison if she wint to look for imployment, and said she'd be back airly—if she's not back whin it's late—doesnt it stand to raison, I say, that she's got it?"

"No—no—no!" cried the widow. "Something has happened to her. Something! something!" and she wrung her hands in despair.

"Now, *Avic*, can't you be aisy, an' thrust in Providince, an' not be flying in his face in that way. I'll go bail she'll come home all right to-morrow an' tell you she's got an illigant place of it."

"Oh, Mrs. Donohoe, you are not a mother."

"I'm not, mam, but I hope to be, with the blessing of God."

"You cannot feel as I do. My child—my Amy—is abroad—away from her mother's arms for the first time. Abroad in a vile, wicked city. I fear the worst—I fear the worst. Heaven help me. I fear the worst!"

"'Pon me conshins, mam—'pon me conshins; you'll excuse me—but 'pon me conshins, I think it's a mighty big sin for you to be afther spaking that way. Sure, aren't we tould that there's one to watch over us all? and don't we know that a sparrow can't fall without it's His will? an' I m sure that if He'll watch over a sparrow, He'll not forget to look afther your child. So take my advice, *Achree*, 'an fret no more. My head to a biled potaty, she'll be with you bright an airly to-morrow morning, as fresh an' as fair as ever she was."

All this time Mrs. Donohoe had not advanced an inch; and, strange to say, she had not accompanied her consoling speech by a single gesture.

"Well, perhaps I am wrong to give way to grief and despair, though it is hard to drive away the maddening thoughts that will come uppermost."

"Av coorse you are—av coorse it is; and so I often say to the ould man."

"Wont you be seated. Mrs. Donohoe?" asked Mrs. Sterne without the slightest apology for her rickety seats.

"Thank you, mam; but I wont be staying. I've just got the ould man off."

Mrs. Donohoe's "other half," Danny Donohoe, was a night watchman, paid nine dollars a week to keep special guard over a certain number of stores in Broad street. The operation of eating his supper, trimming his lantern, and taking his departure, pipe in mouth, was what Mrs. D. denominated as "getting him off."

"I've just got the ould man off, and cleared away the supper table; an' illigant supper we had too—an Irish stew. Danny says I'm the best hand in the world at making Irish stew; but I think Danny does be making game of me, for he's a great deludherer in his way, mam. So, if you wouldn't be offinded, I just brought up the laste taste in life of it, to make bould to ax your opinion of it, mam."

So saying, Mrs. Donohoe produced the something that had occupied her hands since she entered, and set it on the table. There was a loaf of bread, a proportionate quantity of butter, a small can filled with tea, and a dish containing a sufficiency of "Irish stew" to victual a garrison for a protracted siege.

"There now, *Asthore*—there now," she cried, as Mrs. Sterne was about to speak. "Don't be afther blowing me up for it. I hope I haven't offinded you. I know it was very bould of me, but I couldn't rest aisy till I had your opinion of it, bekase Danny, you see, is such a deludherer that I can't believe a word he says."

Now this was a slander on poor Danny, and a white lie into the bargain; for had Danny said that the moon was made of green cheese, or that Aldermen never take bribes, or that loaded revolvers were better than the bunch of fives, or that Jersey cider wasn't sold for champagne, she would have felt morally bound to believe him.

"Now, not a word, if you plaze, *Avic Macree*. I'll bid you good night, and pleasant dhrames till ye; and I'll be up to see wid the blessed sun in the morning, Heaven betune us an' harm. Good night, *Avourneen*." And Mrs. Donohoe was gone.

The widow fell on her knees by the bedside. "Thank God!" she exclaimed fervently. "Thank God, I have food for my child!"

God bless you, Mrs. Donohoe—God bless you; and thank Heaven there are more Mrs. Donohoes left in this cold world of ours.

CHAPTER II.

The "Sink"—The "Porgies"—Cully Shay's word doubted—A declaration of war—A Crisis—The Stranger's Demand, "A Knife, a Pistol, or a Club!"—A Startling Appearance—Ralph Rayton the escaped convict seeks shelter in the "Sink"—Pug Molt's refusal to hide him—The Struggle for Life or Death—Escape of Rayton—The Police on the Track.

"Oh, come down! come down!"

"Not a peg! nary down!"

"What! do you mean to say that you saw Rayton to-day? Oh, no, that's too big a thing on Snyder."

"Big thing or little thing, it's so."

"Do you see anything green in the right hand corner of my left eye? Oh, somebody, lend me four cents!"

"What's the four cents for, Dickey?"

"To pay Shay's way to the Navy Yard. I want him to tell that to the marines."

A general laugh followed this sally of ancient wit. The scene was Molt's "Wholesale and Retail Liquor Store" in Mulberry street. Molt's establishment was one story below the street. Molt's fixtures were of rough pine. Molt's liquors were particularly murderous. Molt's manner was exceedingly repulsive, and Molt's appearance was decidedly disgusting. Yet Molt did a rushing business. The principal frequenters, and of course patrons, of the establishment, which was known to the "fly ones" as "The Sink," were the members of a peculiar confraternity called the "Porgies."

This confraternity, differing from all others, had no regular organization. There were no rules, no by-laws, no regulations for the government of its members. There was no oath of admission. The only tie which bound its members, was one of mutual criminality, mutual safety. The "Porgies" knew each other, met together, drank together, gambled together, and helped to screen each other from the reach of the law; there the tie ended.

A group of Porgies were seated around the hot stove in "the Sink;" the liquid lightning circulated, oaths, jokes, snatches of songs—not from the last new opera either—rang out. The smoke of cigars of the pure Habano-cabbago-Nueva-Jersey-two-shillings-a-thousand-or-more-o brand filled the air. The Porgies were merry, merry and happy, as the proverbial clam in the blessing of a full tide.

"Yes, you may laugh—and one half of you don't know what you're laughing at—but what I say is true. If I didn't see Rayton to-day, and that on the three shilling side of Broadway, you may chop me up and sell me for sausage meat."

"Hookey!" This was the general means of expressing the belief that the story was a whopper.

"Hookey! Hookey!"

This was too much for Cully Shay's not very placid temper; with a spring he mounted the chair on which he had been sitting.

"Does any man here say I'm a liar? Does any one say it? Does any one hint it? Does any insiniwate it? If they does, by the holy poker, I'm ready for them."

"Hookey!"

"Who said Hookey? That's what I want to know. Who said hookey? I kin knock spots outer any one says hookey to me. If I can't, I'm a Dutchman's dog."

"Come, git down, and don't be breaking the furniture! Git down, blast ye, d'ye hear?" cried the gruff voice of Pug Molt.

"Git down for you!" exclaimed Cully Shay, contemptuously. "Git down for you. I'd see you in h— first."

"I'll very soon make you, my bully. I'll let you see who's boss here. I'll let you see if you kin kick up your monkey shines and make a disturbance in a respectable house."

"Come on! come on, the whole darned crowd of you! I aint afraid of nobody, if he's as big as Goliah, and as strong as boarding-house butter! come on."

And Cully Shay stood awaiting an attack. There was no danger of an attack on him by any of the "porgies," however, for though single-handed set-tos were not uncommon amongst them, a plurality never attacked a single "porgie."

Molt, though, seemed determined to enforce obedience to his will, for, stepping behind the bar, he took from under it a stout locust club similar to that used by policemen, and securing it by the leather thong around his wrist, he approached Shay.

"Now, my bully clyfaker, it's either will or won't with you, and I think you will!"

Matters had reached a crisis, when the entrance of a stranger caused hostilities to cease. Molt returned to his bar, Shay left the stump, the locust was restored to its place, and

"Order reigned in Warsaw."

The stranger had entered hurriedly. Without stopping to notice the occupants of "the Sink," he rushed to the bar.

"A pistol! a knife! a club! Pug Molt; quick! quick! life or death! quick! quick!" he exclaimed, in hurried tones.

"A knife! a club! a pistol! anything! I'll pay you well for it, only haste! haste!"

Molt seemed disinclined to hurry himself.

"I don't keep an armory," he said. "I don't sell weapons. I have nothing to do with such things."

"No talk, man! no talk! a pistol I say! a knife! anything! a brave man is in the hands of an officer; if he is taken, your life shall pay for it."

"I tell you I haven't got anything of the kind. I can't ——"

Without another word, the stranger sprang across the counter.

At that moment the report of a pistol shot was heard. The Porgies started from their seats.

Another moment, and a man covered with blood, tumbled, rather than ran down the steps into the cellar, staggered into the "Sink," and fell against the bar.

The new comer was a man about thirty-five or six years. In height he was full six feet; his frame was a model of perfection in every part. His face was strikingly handsome, in fact almost feminine in its regularity and delicacy of features, piercing black eyes, heavy eyebrows, a small dark moustache, and hair long, black, and wavy, completed the picture. All this was visible, even through the terrible appearance he now presented.

His entire person bore evidence of a fierce and deadly struggle. His clothes torn into shreds, his hair disordered, the eyes wild and glaring, the open shirt, the bleeding hands, and the purple stream that issued from a wound on his right shoulder, rendered him an object ghastly and frightful to look upon.

For an instant, all stood as if paralysed. The rapidity of action, of events, was stunning. The entrance of the first stranger, his demand for a weapon, the pistol-shot, the sudden appearance of the wounded man, and the picture he presented, were all intensely dramatic in their effect.

"Hide me! hide me! they are after me! Hide me! and you shall have gold! gold!"

The stranger who first entered, sprang to the door, closed, locked, and bolted it.

"Hide me! hide me! my life is in your hands!"

The Porgies started forward.

"What, Ralph Rayton!"

"Aye, Ralph Rayton. Oh, for God's sake, hide me!"

The appeal was again made to Molt.

"I can't do it. What! bring the officers after me? No sir, I can't do it."

In an instant the hands of Ralph Rayton were at his throat.

"Wouldst see me hung? dog! wretch! If I must die, you shall not live!"

The grasp tightened. Molt was a low-sized, thick-set man of prodigious strength. The other, though a strong man, was weakened by loss of blood, but the pitch of desperation to which he was wrought made him a dangerous opponent.

Molt seized him by the hair with his left hand, and grasped his throat with the other.

The struggle for mastery, for life, it seemed to each, was short but terrific.

The superior strength of Molt was gaining the vantage. Shay, who had been intently watching the contest, seized the heavy stone pitcher from the bar, raised it over Molt's head, and was about to strike, when the grasp at his throat relaxed, and he fell heavily backward, still and lifeless as a corpse.

Ralph Rayton sank insensible into the arms of the stranger.

"Come this way! this way!" cried Shay, whose wits seemed all alive. "I know where to put him. Follow me!"

So saying, he led the way to a trap door at the back part of the "Sink." Raising it by main force, he led the way downwards.

The Porgies turned their attention to Pug Molt. He was not dead, as they at first supposed. The pressure at his throat had caused him to faint. Copious shower baths from the pitcher that had near been the instrument of his death, soon brought him to life.

He had just recovered the power of speech, and was about questioning his customers as to the finale of the struggle, when the tramp of feet descending from the street was heard, followed by a loud knocking at the door.

"The police! the police!" was the general exclamation.

"Hush, you fools; blast you! Hold your tongues," cried Molt, as he proceeded to open the door.

To be Continued.

PAIN AND DEATH.—The idea that every insect and reptile, and even the myriads of animalculæ that we are obliged to destroy day by day, suffer pain, is almost a terrible one. The poets have taught us the idea; it is left to naturalists to set us right. We quote:—

"Insects may be cut and pulled in pieces without giving any indications of pain. When they lose a leg or two, they go about their business without seeming to mind it at all. Cut a wasp in two, so that his breast is separated from his stomach and abdomen, and he walks about merrily, and eats with an unusually good appetite. In fact, as food passes through him at once, it gives him no inconvenience, and he can eat any quantity. The enjoyment does not last very long, because the processes of nutrition cannot go on without the organs of digestion; but Mr. Wasp does not appear to suffer in the least. Insects, in certain cases, show muscular contortions, but these are not proof of pain. We know that there may be the most spasmodic action in the human body, without the least suffering. It is recorded of a little boy whose lower extremities were thrown into spasms by an injury to the spine that he had no feeling whatever below the point of injury, and was greatly amused to lie and see himself kick. So, the convulsive spasms of men who are hanged are no proof of pain. When the neck is broken, there can be none below the point of dislocation. When the neck is not broken, the pressure of blood on the brain produces insensibility almost instantly. All men who have recovered from hanging, after it was supposed that they were dead, give the same testimony to its painlessness. When men die slowly, and with strong muscular contractions, there is, probably, no suffering."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

T. I. F., Chicago.—It would be better, perhaps, for him to advise the parties of his intentions, and should they then refuse, let him send the advertisement, and it shall appear. Try "moral suasion" first. The other matter we have not time to attend to.

SUBSCRIBER, Stockbridge.—1. Generally, he takes sides with the democratic party. 2. Jack Langan and Jem Ward never fought as antagonists. 3. Broadway runs nearly North and South.

J. D., Boston.—We have not yet published the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. They will shortly appear.

W. C. R., Wilmington, Del.—The lady can have the notice appear, as an advertisement, in our advertising department, over a proper name, but not in our summary.

J. F. HAGAN, Memphis, Tenn.—We know nothing of your quarrel with the *Argus* man, and cannot insert your card except as an advertisement.

WALLABOUT.—Twenty miles were run in one hour, 58 minutes, and 18 seconds, by Maxwell. We have no complete record of West hall's performances.

W. G., West Winsted.—Address, J. R. Ashford, 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia, Pa.

T. B., Chicago.—Prof. Jacobs, the wizard, is at present performing in the provincial towns in England.

J. D. ST. JOHN, Boston.—1. It is the invention of Sir William Armstrong. 2. Wm. Shaw.

P. R., Philad'a.—Bradley fought Sloan and Rankin; his proposed match with Hyer never amounted to anything.

EDWARD, Detroit.—Lincoln's majority in New York, is set down as being 68,977.

R. M. P., Memphis.—There is no chance just now; bands are breaking up, and those who are playing, are full.

W. PAULIN, Dover, Del.—His engagement closes this evening. See Theatrical Record.

J. L., Fort Laramie.—Money received.

A FRIEND, Columbus, O.—A friend should give the countersign.

E. PLURIBUS UNUM, Boston.—Ethan was badly beaten.

J. I. S., Chicago.—See theatrical record.

SMEADO.—Mr. Setchell is performing in Boston.

H. B., Madison, Ind.—French is still there.

MIKE TRAINOR.—We have a letter for you.

NO SECESSION.—Lieutenant General.

MUSCLEMEN IN THE ARMY.—Stalwart pupils of the "Clipper" School will be found intermixed among the Soldier Volunteers. In the hottest of the fight—where battle rages fiercest—where bullets fly thickest, where blood flows most profusely—there, will be found a host of "musclemen," and the lithe fellows who contest so nobly, betimes, the manly games of cricket and base ball. They are the men to infuse among their comrades on the battle-field a spirit of determination to conquer or die! Their value, at the present crisis, is above gold; and we rejoice that our labors from week to week, and that too, in the teeth of opposition, have been so instrumental in stimulating and teaching so many to become adequate to the trying occasions now before them. We trust that those heretofore hostile to manly sports and manly exercises will henceforth cease their harpings; and throw in their assistance towards encouraging the physical education of mind and body—those attributes which make human mortals *Men*. Why, even our patriotic ladies go in strong for—the UNION and a good CONSTITUTION. Success to our noble "musclemen." God guard them in battle—for we know their *daring* will lead them straight on to the post of danger! While absent, our heart's aspirations go forth for them; when they return, trusting they all may, we have a warm hand ready to extend them. Nail, boys, nail your colors to the mast, and—GOD AND OUR COUNTRY be your battle-cry. The CLIPPER will record your noble deeds with exultation and delight.

COLONEL ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES, late New York Firemen, are mostly armed with rifles, and the sword bayonet—sometimes called the "Arkansas tooth-pick." Well, if our New York firemen, recently drilled into Zouaves, don't "pick" many a traitor's teeth so clean out of their jaws that all the dentists in the land can't replace them, our prophesy is nothing! Those dauntless New Yorkers, who are in their element when running up ladders, or climbing house-tops, amid flames of fire, to rescue helpless women and more helpless children from the horrid death of burning—what care they for the rebels of the South? Not a penny whistle!

COL. WILSON'S BOYS.—Franklin W. Fish, of Massachusetts, a devotee to the muses, of some note, sacrifices everything to enlist as a private in Col. Wilson's regiment, Co C. His patriotism is worthy of emulation. Capt. Whiting, of the above company, was connected with the press of this city as reporter. Wm. B. Newby, a young, but brave man, of about 28 years of age, holds the post of Major of Wilson's battalion, and with 1st Lieutenant D. Orville, and 2nd Lieutenant, A. S. Norman, served with honor in the Nicaraguan war.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE!—"Not a word was heard, nor a funeral note, as over the ramparts we hurried." No, not a word now, from the most pious lips against pugilists or pugilism! Those "shoulder-hitters," late so feared, and, we were going to write the word, *hated*, are now regarded as among the foremost necessary for defence! Those sort of chaps are wonderfully in the ascendency just now; and, long may they remain so. "The proof of the pudding is in eating it," and those fearless boys of the Ring will prove themselves, every man of them, a lion in battle!

WILSON'S "ROUGHS."—Well, the present disturbers of the National Peace, more than that, the rebels of the South, deserve pretty rough treatment; and if Billy's "Rough" uns, tho' they look quite smooth at present, get a good opportunity, they will handle their Southern customers in very rough style! The worst thing the enemy can do, is to kill the Colonel's Roughs: in that case, the *oath* made and provided, will no doubt be kept sacred, viz: to kill *each a man*, as an avenge offering to the memory of the hero-Commander!

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, is, we are informed, about to tender the use of its fleet to the Federal Government as dispatch boats. They have some fifty or sixty yachts of great speed, which, owing to their light draught, can run into shallow water where vessels of war cannot enter, and would prove, therefore, of great service in aiding the blockade of Southern ports now being established, by conveying information and instructions from point to point.

WANT ANOTHER STRAPPING.—There are several journals published in this city whom the people compelled to raise the American Flag recently. Of these, the *Express*, *Journal of Commerce*, and *Daily News*, while now *pretending* to stand up for the Union, are preaching secession. They have not been "tamed all over." If the people take them in hand again, they will make short work of it.

WESTON, the man who walked from Boston to Washington, to see Lincoln inaugurated, but who was too late by four hours, is about to go again, or has already gone to Washington, to fight for the Union. We hope he may be more successful this time, and get there in season to take a hand in the President's reception.

THE FIELD.—This is the title of a sprightly looking sheet just issued by D. J. McAuslan & Co. As its name implies, the *Field* is to be devoted to outdoor sports, such as cricket, base ball, etc. We welcome it as an addition to the sporting literature of the day. It is an unto ward season, however, to start such enterprises.

A WALKING SHOEMAKER.—A shoemaker of Natick, Mass., by the name of Frank Lord, left Natick on the morning of the 27th ult., at seven o'clock, and walked to the State House in Boston, in two hours fifty four minutes. He performed the job on a wager of $25, that he would walk the distance inside of three hours.

A NEWSBOY VOLUNTEERS.—J. D. Tancan, one of the pioneers of the newsboy forces, accompanies the firemen's brigade under Col. Ellsworth. Bully for the gallant newsboy; he will, without a doubt, give the traitors an extra bullet—in, and, newsboy like, be ready to make an extra charge.

HOW THE ROMANS SERVED TRAITORS.

THE immortal Julius Cæsar evidently understood thoroughly how to punish traitors. In the hey-day of his popularity, a number of the senators and centurions undertook to overthrow the Roman empire because they couldn't have everything to their way of thinking. The great warrior at once foresaw the consequences should he cringe or make a single motion that would encourage their designs; instead of concessions, armistices, and arbitrations, he invited them to his palace in the politest manner possible, marshalled all his soldiers to grace the occasion, and suggested a grand procession through the streets of old Rome. Full of pomp and circumstance, did these noble senators strut about the city until the outskirts were reached, when Cæsar (the noblest of them all) ordered them to march into a deep ravine, and having carefully arranged that none but the conspirators should be exposed, ordered his army to "blaze away" at them, and in a very short time the would-be traitors were so frightfully mangled that not a soul could be recognized—they were reduced to jelly. This put an end to what would otherwise have resulted in a bloody civil war, and none but the guilty were the sufferers. He didn't call their actions "secession," but "rebellion," and as such dealt out the proper punishment, believing, that until they were made food for vultures there was no safety in the land. Our present difficulty is a similar case in point, and until every traitor is wiped out there will be no end to conspiracy and rebellion. In our own city, men in high office, double tongued and two-faced, while pretending to sympathize with the Union, are at heart the veriest traitors unhung. In the very midst of the great Union demonstration there was allowed one man whom, were he to give every cent of his ill-gained fortunes to the support of the Federal Government, would yet do all in his power to cripple the North in their second war for Independence. This man is permitted in all the important meetings of those loyal to their country, and allowed to take active part in their deliberations, because his oily tongue and cunning have prevailed over the people's general opinion of his character. How much longer this dangerous demagogue will be allowed fellowship with patriots is more than we can determine; but, thank Heaven, there are men watching his every motion, and at the first positive action visible against the Constitution, this united band will do their duty. Again: would any civilized country have permitted an enemy to offer inducements in person to their Commander-in-Chief to betray his trust and go over to them to direct *their* battles, as was done by Virginians to General Scott? Never! Instead of treating them as men, a bullet or hempen cord would have been the proper answer. What if a delegation of Northerners were to make a similar proposition to Beauregard—would they be allowed to return without molestation? Emphatically, no! and it shows a wretched want of firmness somewhere, that must be remedied soon, or the people will have to take the war in hand themselves. Would to God New York were the Capital, instead of that ultra Southern, out of the way place, Washington; then would those slimy rascals earn to treat the North with respect; but until a change is made in the seat of Government, there will be no end of trouble unless the South can be completely vanquished. Let "Extermination" and "Through Baltimore to Washington!" be the rallying cry until the bitter end of the contest. May GOD defend the right!

THE "BONE AND SINEW" STAR IS UP!

THE HOUR OR NEED proves the value of the true friend; and the day of battle proves the value of necessary preparation for the successful endurance of those trials and hardships, not to speak of actual fight, which ever attend the soldier in time of war. Those of our citizen volunteers who have practised gymnastic exercises heretofore, will now, that they are called on to defend their country, prove themselves heroes of no common order. Man is capable of becoming, for his weight, the smartest creature in existence—but it is pitiful to see tens of thousands effeminate, and more like women than men, just through a mawkish antipathy to manly exercises? Had all our gallant young men who have buckled on their bright armor with such alacrity to fight a treason foe, a little of kindred drilling, such as the Lazarus boys, and scores of the like kidney, what havoc and death would they make in a hand to hand fight with cotton-State warriors! We hope every young man in city, town and country, will be astir to develope all the bone and all the muscle that God has given him for self-defence, and for the defence of his common country. It was the rigid bodily discipline that rendered the SPARTAN youth invincible! That immortal *three hundred* at Thermopylæ had been gymnasts from their youth. Look, youth of America, look to them as your great exemplars, and strengthen every *nerve* by vigorous exercise; and the day may be close at hand that will give you the opportunity to earn the undying laurel wreath of—THE AMERICAN SPARTAN BAND!

ON THE WAR PATH.—The thundering war notes, reverberating over hill and dale, calling upon the Sons of Freedom to rally beneath the floating flag of their country, and strike down, at once and forever, the foul hand of treason which has been raised to pluck the "Stars" from their triumphant position, have been responded to with an intensity and burning ardor to wipe away the pirate band, which tells unmistakably that Freedom must and will prevail. Our citizen soldiery and valiant volunteers have gone, and still continue to go—flocking to the National Standard at the National Capital, for the blood of true born sons of freedom runs too freely, too patriotically, through the veins to allow their brethren to be stricken down in cold blood, as recently were the Massachusetts' Boys in Baltimore! Even some of the managers of our theatres have left the "Curtain" and the Drama for the "tented field." No wonder, we repeat, that "their houses" are the order of the night. The only wonder is, that people go at all—can content themselves, to sit still, even to enjoy the laughter-provoking comicalities, and more sentimental performances, prepared in luxurious abundance for them. Our city summary will afford the reader accurate information of the effects of the bugle's war-notes on the ears and hearts of the people.

ON THE TRAIL.—Brevet Second Lieutenant Jno. Flynn, of Rondout, N. Y., is off for the wars. He has been very active in the cause, and in eight days raised 76 men for Co. F, 20th regiment, Ulster Guard, in addition to the old members. The regiment roll shows 1080 men, who are stalwart fellows, and have been accustomed to severe exercise all their lives, and with their hearts in the right place will undoubtedly maintain the honor of the flag under which they go forth to battle. It will be remembered by many of our readers that Lieut. Flynn is the man that had a "turn up" with Australian Kelly, about six weeks since. A first cousin of his, also accompanies the regiment, as Captain; by name, P. G. Flynn. Unable to call on their many friends in this city, they leave a hearty adieu for all.

NEW YORK seems all fight and no fun, just now. Even clergymen have caught the spirit of the day. Volunteer chaplains are coming forward for every regiment, willing to aid by their spiritual armor the lads of the rifle and bowie knife. Those who reckoned on the division of our citizens in the approaching struggle missed their mark in toto. New York is a unit on the war question. True, there may be here, as everywhere, a miserable fragment who would trample upon the country and every sacred tie. Even journalists, may exist in our midst, who would, as ever, scatter wide the foul seeds of rebellion—but, *vox populi*, the mighty voice of the people, is, as a rod of terror over them; and, they make awkward attempts at sentiments of loyalty!

THE UNTERRIFIED.—Andy Sheehan, Billy Mulligan, and Jim Hughes are forming a regiment to be called the Empire City Regiment. These men are of the daring and doing sort, and no matter how dangerous the service, there will be no back-down about them.

A PEDESTRIAN OFF FOR THE WARS.—Thomas McCord, also known by the alias of the Yankee Boy, has entered into the Firemen's Zouave Regiment.

NOT EVEN A FIG LEAF.—A writer from Paris says "the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustles, pads, wadding, *or anything else!*". Do the men go it blind there?

FAMINE, like a gaunt spectre, is ever found on the trail of war. It seems impatient, however, in the South, and leads the van of the half armed hordes who are said to be marching North!

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

WILSON'S UNION BATTALION OF ZOUAVES.

Extraordinary scene at Tammany Hall—Swearing in the Battalion—Their Destination and Equipments—The Regiment to force its way through Baltimore—Death to Secessionists—Blood, Vengeance and Victory, &c.

At 7 o'clock P. M., on the 24th ult., the "Union battalion of Zouaves," Col. Wm. Wilson, held a formal muster and roll call at their head quarters in Tammany Hall. There were 861 men of the battalion present. The occasion was made strikingly impressive by the extraordinary proceedings which were had. The men were ranged around the hall three deep, with Colonel Wilson and the other officers in the centre of the room. The men had all clad themselves in the grey shirts and pants which have been provided for their uniform, which is completed by a common brown felt hat, brogans and leather belt. They carry a short knife about seven inches in length, between a sort of bowie knife and butcher knife in shape. Many also have revolvers, of which it is intended that each shall be armed with one or two, as well as a slung shot and Minie rifle. All the men being ranged against the walls, Colonel Wilson with a drawn sabre in one hand and the American flag in the other, stood forth uncovered and addressed his men amidst deafening cheers.

After a short adjuration to the flag, for which he declared his devotion, he called upon all to kneel and swear with him. Waving the banner and flourishing his sabre, he knelt on one knee. All present knelt with him and repeated the oath which he put to them to support the flag, and never flinch from its path through blood or death. He said he would lead them to Baltimore, and they would march through it or die; at which they all arose with a tremendous yell, flung up their hats and brandished their glittering knives amidst prolonged and frantic cheers. He then denounced death to the Baltimore traitor secessionists and Plug Uglies, and said they would leave a monument of their bones in the streets of Baltimore. Amid yells of "Death to the Plug Uglies," he illustrated with his sword how they should hew their way, and said though he should be the first man slain, he had but one thing to ask, which was that each of his followers should secure his man and avenge his blood. That they would do this, he again called upon them to swear, and marching around the hall, holding up the flag and the sword, and accompanied by two officers, the one on his right bearing a banner inscribed:—

THE UNION BATTALION OF ZOUAVES;
DEATH TO SECESSIONISTS.

The other officer on his left holding up, in both hands, a bowie knife and revolver, Wilson shouted to them to swear, and they responded with shouts of "blood," "blood," "blood." "We swear," &c.

The band then struck in with the "Star Spangled Banner," which they all sang in chorus, as well as also "Dixie's Land," altered to read with a few variations:—

"I wish I was in Baltimore;
Away, away," &c.

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE.—It is with pleasure we record the following incidents connected with the progress of the gallant Seventh (N. Y.) Regiment and Massachusetts Boys. On the 22nd ult., Gen. B. F. Butler, Commander-in-Chief of the Massachusetts troops, went with a body of his stalwart men, who are Nantucket, Lynn and Boston boys, to the store-house of the Railroad Company, and asked to see what was inside. The keeper replied "Nothing" but the General persisted in his curiosity, and the man replied that he had not the keys, and did not know where they were. "Boys," said the General, turning to his men, "do you think you could raise those gates?" "We guess we can." "Let me see you try." They *tried*, and in a few minutes free access was had to the building, where they found a small locomotive. "Does anybody here know anything about this machine?" "I helped build it, and know every portion of her," said one of his men. "See if she is fit for service;" and after a brief examination it was reported that she required a few slight repairs. "Go to work and make them," and in course of a few hours she was fired up, and duly reported to the General, who ordered an examination of the road. It was found in a sad condition, but was repaired so far as their limited stock of tools and spikes would allow, and without proceeding as far as the bridge, they returned with the locomotive and their report, and it was then turned over to Col. Lefferts for service on Wednesday. The Massachusetts troops undertook the repairs of the bridge and track, they being familiar with such work, and would not allow the Seventh to lay their hands to any work, "for," they said, "you are not used to this kind of work, and we are. You can do the open-field fighting, and we will do the hard work, and when it comes to a rough and-tumble fight, you will find us there." The warmest friendship has sprung up between these two regiments from the moment they met, and it was cemented by a little incident which was narrated to a reporter by an eye-witness. Some of the Massachusetts troops were passing a squad of the Seventh, who were seated by the roadside eating their rations of biscuit, and, of course, they stopped to speak to each other; and in course of conversation, one of the Massachusetts boys chanced to remark that they hadn't had their rations yet. Instantly every one of the Seventh sprang to his feet, and although each man had only one biscuit, that was halved with their friends, as well as their salt pork; and it was gladly accepted, for they had been out all day without a mouthful to eat or drink. It was not long before this little incident became known in the Massachusetts Regiment, and from that time forward the Seventh have almost been worshipped.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE STILL LIVES.—One of the most thrilling incidents connected with the military operations of the day, took place at Camp Curtin on the afternoon of the 20th ult. A number of persons were engaged in raising the Stars and Stripes over the main buildings used as the head quarters of the officers, and just as everything was in readiness, and the men had seized the halyards to run up the flag, a large eagle came, no one knew from where, and hovering over the flag, sailed majestically over the encampment while the flag was run up! Thousands of eyes were upturned in a moment, and as the noble bird looked down, the cheers of three thousand men rent the air! Never was such an ovation paid the "Imperial Bird of Jove." It lingered for a few minutes, apparently not a particle frightened at the terrific noise; then cleaving the air with his pinions, he disappeared in the horizon. In the days of the Roman republic, this would have been looked upon as a glorious omen, and we do not see why we should not look upon it as such now. Never was an incident looked upon with more favor. It sent a patriotic thrill through every heart that witnessed it, and every man seemed to be animated with the deepest feelings of patriotism and devotion to the flag of our Union.

THE STARS AND STRIPES ON GRACE CHURCH.—For several days there has been an American flag floating from the tower of Grace church, just at the base of the tapering spire. The vestry were, however, desirous that another should wave from the very apex of the spire where the gilt cross stands, at a height of 260 feet from the ground. Several persons offered to undertake the dangerous feat, but on mounting by the interior staircase to the highest window in the steeple, thought they would scarcely have nerve enough to undertake it. At last, Wm. O'Donnell and Chas. McLaughlin, two young painters in the employ of Rich'd B. Fosdick, of Fifth avenue, decided to make the attempt. On Thursday last they got out of the little diamond shaped window about half-way up, and climbed up the lightning rod on the east side of the spire to the top. Here one of the men fastened the pole securely to the cross, although quite a gale was blowing at the time. The flag thus secured, the daring young man mounted the cross, and taking off his hat, bowed to the immense crowd which was watching his movements from Broadway. As the flag floated freely in the air, they burst into loud and repeated cheers.

GOT ENOUGH OF IT.—A hasty young traitor, who left Washington a few weeks since for Charleston to join the rebel army, returned a few days ago, having soon got tired of playing "soger" in "Dixie." He says that they are not half-fed in the Southern army, and that aside from the officers, he does not believe that one hundred of the men now at Charleston will be in the army two months hence.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE.—It is stated that Peter Cooper has offered his entire fortune to the Government if needed. A. T. Stewart has offered $1,000 000; Wm. B. Astor, $4,000,000, and to loan $10,000,000; and E. A. Stevens, $1,00,000.

A RECRUIT IN FULL.—A Day or two previous to its departure, a member of the 7th regiment started from his place of business to make purchases of a few needful articles during the campaign. He first went to a shoe store in Ann street and selected a pair of good stout boots; after they were wrapped up, he asked the proprietor the price, when he replied:—"I perceive from your cap you belong to the 7th regiment, and there is nothing to pay, for I am willing to furnish boots gratis to every member of that regiment who will come to my store." He then went to a dry goods establishment and selected a blanket, for which they positively refused to take any pay. As the last act of duty in discharging his indebtedness before leaving in the service of his country, he went to the hotel where he had been boarding, and after taking his dinner, asked the landlord for his bill; the reply was, "Your bill is all settled, sir; I will take no money from a member of any regiment who is about to take up arms in defence of his country."

CANADA sympathises with the North in the present conflict, and our exchanges from thence denounce the rebels as fiercely as does the *Herald* since its recent great *coup-de-turn-over*. As Canada and the provinces are usually a pretty correct index of public feeling in the mother country, and in a great measure guide it in reference to things American, it causes affairs to assume rather a blue aspect in reference to sympathy from England for the South. Furthermore, if it is any satisfaction to the traitors to know it, we would state that British subjects go in for the Stars and Stripes without reserve, and are enlisting to support it. The French residents are doing the same thing. Verily the Southerners have put a rod in pickle for their own backs.

ANOTHER DAVID.—The following correspondence speaks for itself:—

BALTIMORE, April 17, 1861.

MY DEAR SON—Your remarks of last Sabbath were telegraphed to Baltimore and published in an extra. Has God sent you to preach the sword or to preach Christ?

Your MOTHER.

BOSTON, April 22, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER—"God has sent" me, not only "to preach the sword" but to *use it*. When the Government tumbles, look among the ruins for

Your STAR-SPANGLED BANNER SON.

NOT ONE BACKED OUT.—The battalion of rifles which mustered at Worcester on the 20th ult., displayed the right sort of pluck. One hundred and forty-seven men presented themselves for Co. B, but as only 67 were wanted, many were obliged to be rejected. Capt. Sprague, before making his detail, informed them that he would consider it a personal favor if any man would decline to go, and ordered such to the front. Not a man moved; those who cannot go feel much grieved. Everybody offered money, pistols, &c., to the members.

BOUND TO FIGHT.—When the Worcester company arrived at Boston, a gentleman observed a little fellow in the ranks, and stepping up to him he took out his pocket book, and putting $20 in the young soldier's hand said:—"You are too young and too small to carry a musket; take this money and let me take your place." The boy refused to accept the money or resign his place, saying that "he was bound to fight."

THE DOGS OF WAR LET LOOSE.—It is said that one of the men of the formidable Sherman Battery takes with him a huge white bull dog, with a head like that of an exaggerated cat fish, the under jaw projecting beyond the upper one about an inch. The brute is said to be as savage as a tiger, and able to bring the heaviest man to the ground by a spring at his throat.

A VIVANDIERE.—On the 25th ult, while the troops at Utica, N. Y., were on the march, a young lady appeared on horseback with a dress of red, white, and blue. She accompanied the Washington Continentals, and is a sister of Lieut. Hollingsworth, one of the volunteers of that Company. Her *debut* was greeted all along the route with cheers and *vivas*.

HE IS NOT AN AMERICAN.—Gov. Hicks is a Marylander, and does not go in for the Union, by his own confession. The following quotation is from a speech made by him at Baltimore, on the 26th ult., as reported in a paper of that city. "He was a Marylander, and would sooner have his right arm cut off than raise it against a sister Southern State."

ON HIS MUSCLE.—Henry Tye, who is said to have gained much renown in the English Prize Ring under the name of Harry Smith, has joined the National Guards of Boston, under Col Cowdin's command. Harry is a true lover of liberty, and believes it his duty to fight for the land of his children's birth.

LOVES HIS COUNTRY.—Although 70 years of age, a Union-loving Virginian is so incensed at Gov. Letcher, that he calls for some hidden curse to blast him; and he solemnly avows his intention to kill the Chief Magistrate of Virginia, even at the risk of his own life, and has gone, as he said, to carry his vow into execution.

A BALLOONIST VOLUNTEERS.—Mr. James Allen, of Providence, æronaut, has offered his services to the Government to reconnoitre with his balloons. "Go up," James!

EFFECTUALLY WARNED.—A traitor, warned a second time not to try to raise the secession flag and still persisting, was shot dead at Benwood, Va., on the 19th ult.

THE TRUMPETER of the Worcester City Guards, W. H. Heywood, has seen service in the English army, and was one of the six hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava.

CLIPPER CHARLIE, a Madison, Ind., correspondent, "has gone for to be a soger."

April 23.—The Sixty-ninth Regiment, of 1200 men, left New York, taking ship at Pier 4 N. R. On board of the same steamer were also 600 Albanian troops. It is estimated that not less than 5000 men, who had passed medical inspection, and had volunteered into the 69th, were obliged to be left behind, very much to their chagrin. The excitement attendant on their march and embarkation was beyond description.

23.—The Eighth Regiment, comprising the entire Regiment and a large number of volunteers, embarked on board of the steamer Alabama, from the foot of North Moore street. If possible, the enthusiasm and excitement which attended the march of the Sixty-ninth, was increased when this noble regiment passed from their armory to the steamer. They carry with them 26 horses, five field pieces, and ammunition wagons to match. They got away from the pier about 7 o'clock P. M., the neighboring steamers and vessels saluting the regiment with guns, steam whistles, bells and dipping of flags. Both regiments went with sealed orders as to their destination.

23.—Major Anderson was formally welcomed to the city by the Mayor.

23.—A portion of the 13th Regiment of Brooklyn, numbering 410 men, exclusive of staff officers, embarked on board the Marion, to proceed to the field of action. The remainder of the regiment, about 600, will follow them soon.

24.—The 25th Regiment of Albany, after a sojourn in New York of three or four days, proceeded at about 5½ P. M to the Parkersburg, and embarked. They were for the most part a fine looking set of men, and were loudly cheered while *en route*. During the after noon, Colonel Allen's 1st Regiment proceeded to Staten Island, to be put in readiness for the campaign. They temporarily occupy the Quarantine buildings. Captain Turner, well known in sporting circles, accompanies this regiment as Major. At 6 o'clock A. M. the second detachment of the Rhode Island militia, of 600 men, reached New York from Providence, and embarked on board the steamer Bienville, for Annapolis direct.

24.—Daniel Fish, gunmaker, of 66 Fulton street, was arrested on a charge of treason; also, Dr. Sabot, charged with misprision of treason.

24—The Fifth Regiment, Jefferson Guard, numbering over 1200 men, encamped upon the Battery, to await further orders. They are mostly Germans, and are a sturdy set of fellows, many of them having seen service before.

25—Gov. Morgan issued a proclamation calling for twenty-one additional regiments.

25—A meeting of British residents of New York was held at Hope Chapel, and preliminary steps taken to form a regiment to be commanded by men who had seen service at Alma, Inkermann, or Balaklava. About 350 men had signed the roll, and it was thought the required number would soon be enlisted.

26. The second regiment of the Hudson Co. Brigade of New Jersey started at 1½ P. M. for Trenton. An immense concourse of people assembled to witness their departure. It numbered 500 men, and

was uniformed by the people of Jersey City at an expense of $26,000. They are armed with revolvers and the formidable bowie knife, and the improved patent musket.

28.—The 5th Regiment' Col. Schwarzwaelder, which were encamped at the Battery last week, embarked on board the Baltic for Washington. They mustered 800 men for active service; they were compelled, however, to leave 200 behind for want of equipments.

29. The New York Firemen Zouaves, under Col. Ellsworth, escorted by the various fire engine companies, without their "mascheens," marched in procession through the city, on their route for embarkation for Washington. They were presented at their barracks in Canal street, by Mrs. J. J. Astor, through Gen Dix, with two stands of colors; one being a large American banner, without any inscription, and trimmed with yellow fringe and heavy tassels. The other was a large flag, lined with white silk, with similar trimming, with the following inscription thereon:—

"U. S. NATIONAL GUARDS, FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK ZOUAVES."

Mr. Wickham, in behalf of the firemen, also presented them a flag of choice silk, inscribed thus:—"The Star Spangled Banner in Triumph Shall Wave." They were loudly cheered all along their line of march, by the thousands that thronged the thoroughfares, and they certainly deserved the applause, as a finer looking body of volunteers have not as yet left this city. They were all armed with Sharpe's breech loading rifles.

COUNSEL TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.—The following hints to our volunteers are timely and should be heeded:

TO OUR YOUNG SOLDIERS.

1. Remember that in a campaign more men die from sickness than by the bullet.

2. Line your blankets with one thickness of brown drilling. This adds but four ounces in weight, and doubles the warmth.

3. Buy a small India Rubber blanket (only $1 50,) to lay on the ground, or to throw over your shoulders when on guard duty during a rain storm. Most of the Eastern troops are provided with these. Straw to lie on is not always to be had.

4. The best military hat in use is the light colored soft felt; the crown being sufficiently high to allow space for air over the brain. You can fasten it up as a continental in fair weather, or turn it down when it is wet or very sunny.

5. Let your beard grow, so as to protect the throat and lungs.

6. Keep your entire person clean; this prevents fevers, and bowel complaints in warm climates. Wash your body each day, if possible. Avoid strong coffee and oily meat. Gen. Scott said that the too free use of these (together with neglect in keeping the skin clean) cost many a soldier his life in Mexico.

7. A sudden check of perspiration by chilly or night air often causes fever and death. When thus exposed do not forget your blanket.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

IVY GREEN, 80 PRINCE STREET.—At this public resort, now under the Proprietorship of JOHNNY MONAGHAN and F. McCARTHY, the best of ales, wines, and liquors are always on sale, and patrons are promptly attended to. Newbold's Great Picture of the International Fight may be seen here, and also a variety of other sporting prints, together with THE CLIPPER and other sporting papers. 45-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

FOUNTAIN CHOP HOUSE, 172 New Canal street, near Bowery. GEO. P. KENSETT would be happy to see his friends at the "Old House" of his Father, 172 New Canal street, near Bowery. Particular care will be given to the comfort and convenience of his guests, and he hopes, by attention, to merit a share of the public patronage. 2-1t*

A MATCH between Jim Burns, of Chicago, and Mike Carroll, of Milwaukie, is on the tapis in the former city, for $200; but it is uncertain, as yet, that they will come together.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Ed. Touhey is to take place at Montgomery Hall, in Prince street, on Monday, May 6th, at 7½ P. M. Geoghehan, his late opponent, is to wind up with him. Considerable boxing talent will be present to assist, and we hope all lovers of the sport and true pluck will rally on that evening, and give Touhey a bumper benefit.

RING AND OTHER ITEMS IN LONDON.—Our London correspondent, "Just So," under date of April 11, says:—There is but little excitement about the Championship. Hurst and Mace are both giving exhibitions previous to going into training. Jim Mace looks well, and is gaining friends every day.....The fight between Travers (the Black) and Bodger Crutchley comes off on the 30th. This is expected to be a fine fight; I shall attend. Crutchley is favorite. .....There are two more fights to come off soon, one is between Joe Goss and young Broome, who is now travelling with Tom Sayers attached to Howes & Cushing's Circus; Goss is the favorite. The next fight is between Tom Tyler and Young Shaw; the latter is the favorite.....Jack McDonald denies that he ever dissuaded Chambers from going to America. Chambers will be in London next week, and I will let you know in the next what he purposes doing.....The boat race between Young Jack Clasper and Pocock will be a fine affair, Clasper is the favorite.

THE TURF.

THE TURF IN PHILADELPHIA—FIRST TROT OF THE SEASON.

The first trot of the season came off at the Point Breeze Racing Park, Philadelphia, between the favorite nags Capitola and Bay John, on Wednesday, April 24th, a large concourse of spectators repairing to the course to witness the contest. The horses were called up at exactly half past four, and were in excellent condition. Boy John especially so; Capitola, although looking as fleet and agile as ever, has increased remarkably in weight. After two false starts were made, the word was given for the

FIRST HEAT, and simultaneously with the command, the mare broke, which gave the horse a splendid position about four lengths in advance. This state of things remained until passing the quarter-pole, when the gap commenced to decrease. At the half mile pole, the contestants were nearly side by side, when the mare again became wild, and left her feet, the termination of which left her in the rear at least ten lengths. On resuming her easy trotting style, a wonderful decrease of the enormous gap took place, and in swinging on the home stretch, the horse was but about three lengths in advance. The mare now pulled up capitally, and exhibited wonderful fleetness, and succeeded in coming in half a length in the rear of Bay John, who won the heat in 2:44¾.

SECOND HEAT.—At the word go, both got off well, the mare slightly leading. She maintained her position until passing the quarter pole, when the horse overtook her, but in doing so made a fearful break (the first one) which brought him to a position of about four lengths in the rear. Again he nearly reached the little mare, but Capitola, as before, increased her speed on the home-stretch, and came in a length in advance in 2:43¾.

THIRD HEAT.—At the word go, the horses got off as before, Capitola with a preceptible lead, which shortly after increased to a length. After passing the quarter pole, the horse gained upon the mare, and would in all probability have reached her, but broke again, and lost three lengths by the manœuvre. After recovering himself, the mare broke, which singularly reversed the position of the contestants She however, recovered, and, as usual, made excellent exhibitions of speed as previously on swinging on the home-stretch, and succeeded in passing the judges' stand pole a length ahead in 2:50.

FOURTH HEAT—Until reaching the half mile pole this heat was an exact repetition of the first one. After turning this point the horse broke, and fell in the rear. A series of breaks took place, both animals being nervous, first one ahead, then the other. After reaching the home stretch, the contestants were neck and neck. When with in a short distance of the stand both broke, the horse recovering easily in time to pass over the score a neck ahead in 2:51.

FIFTH HEAT—After several false starts, the horses got the word go, and immediately the mare broke; and the horse took the lead, but maintained it but a few moments, as the mare swerved and gave the go-by, which made the horse break. Again he recovered, and passed the mare. He maintained the lead, and was trotting finely, when he broke, and gave the about-to be vanquished Capitola an opportunity of catching up, which she did, and passing him, won the heat and race in four lengths, in 2:49.

RECAPITULATION

TROTTING AT POINT BREEZE.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5 in harness, for $200.

Mr Mc Connell names b m Capitola	2	1	1	2	1
Mr Gordon " b h Bay John	1	2	2	1	2

Time—2 44¾; 2:43¾; 2:50; 2:51; 2:49.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 23.

We are gratified to learn, through our London correspondent, that Mr. Henry Magilton was improving, and that he would be able to attend to his business again. See our London letter, in this department.

The National Theatre, Cincinnati, closed on the 22d April, after an unprofitable season. But one place of amusement remained open in that city last week. Mr. Sheridan, formerly of Pike's Opera House, has joined the army.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that Prof Lowe made a balloon ascension from that city, on the 20th, and reached Columbia, S. C., distance 1,200 miles, in nine hours. The Professor had returned to Cincinnati.

J. B. Roberts, the tragedian, has enlisted for the war, and was last week engaged in drilling a company in Philadelphia.

Mr. J. P. Price, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, was presented recently with a fine pair of boys, and has named them George Washington and Robert Anderson Bully for Price.

It is rumored that Miss Lucille Western is engaged for the next season at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, probably to take the place now filled by Miss Josephine Orton.

Mme. Maretzek left New Orleans on the 22d ult., to join her husband in Mexico, who preceded her with an operatic company.

A performance in aid of the families of the volunteers was to have been given on the 26th ult., at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee.

Helen and Julia Wyatt are at Providence, R I. A correspondent speaking of them, says: "their reception here was enthusiastic."

The following we received on the 29th. We give it a place for the benefit of the profession:—

"A VOICE FROM THE STAGE.

'By mercy and truth is iniquity purged. A true witness deliver-eth souls; but a deceitful witness speaketh lies'—*Proverbs.*

'Behold, as wild Asses in the Desert, go they forth to their work; rising betimes for a prey.'—*Job.*

'A Hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor; but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.'—*Proverbs.*

"When canals are cut through the unprofitable wastes of an inhabited country many are the visions of future benefits which arise, making glad the hearts of an expectant people; but often does it happen that, with the ingushing waters, there comes a dread and sickening malaria, more terrible than the winds of the Pontine Marshes—more devastating than the blasts of a Desert Simoon. So when Churches are erected on the consecrated grounds of our towns and our villages, jubilant are the hearts of the happy and the good; for fondly they dream that therein will be sung their immortal song of 'peace and good will to all men.' Alas! to think their dreams should be those of delusion. 'Many a time and oft,' with the first instalment of ministers, we hear, instead of the kind words of charity and peace, the unholy and corruptive railings of invective and scandal—as devoid of sympathy and feeling to man as the breath of a winter's day, and poisonous to the church from the resistance (*Lex Talionis*) of an outraged humanity.

"In his pulpit, at Urbana, the Rev. Mr. Sears has assailed the theatrical company from Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and denounced theatricals generally. Before doing so he should have considered that such an act would be unkind to himself and his friends, insulting to his fellow mortals, and unacceptable to his God. Unmindful of these things, Mr. Sears has demonstrated, in his own person, the fact that men are but men; none are so immaculate but they some time may err. And he has erred—it may be unconsciously, but I fear not. Did he deem his denunciation of the Drama a part of his ministerial duty? If so, I would be pleased to learn where he found his text. Did Christ disseminate the doctrine of uncharitableness? Never. Then what presumption in one weak man, or sect of men, to assume a privilege unsanctioned by the law of kindness. Who made this man or that man the disposer of his fellow s happiness? Ah! reverend one, it behooves me in reviewing you to find an excuse for your arrogance. Then, in a spirit of kindness, and for the honor of religion, let us hope that Mr. Sears really meant no harm. It might be ungenerous to think he was carried beyond the bounds of discretion by worldly vanity; it might be unkind to say he was an assassin merely because he murdered the reputations of hundreds of unknown and innocent men and women; it might be disrespectful to say he was no Christian, because he perverted the truth and degraded his pulpit; it might be insulting to say he was no gentleman, because he slandered a host of honest women, and skulked behind his rostrum for fear of being called upon to 'cast the first stone.'

'With feelings of great forbearance I have arraigned a venomous divine. Mindful of his unprovoked and disgraceful assault upon the followers of Thespis, I would be recreant to the principles of honor, and unworthy of the profession to which I belong, did I fail to make at least one feeble effort in our defence. His conscience must be the interpreter of the charges brought against him, which, I regret, his position forbids me more explicitly to describe. Let me not be too lenient, however, lest it appear as a partial acknowledgment of the untruthful remarks of this man, Sears. I protest against his assumed privilege of berating actors and plays, and have a right to infer that he did so because he considered the theatre too potent a rival of the church. Start not at the proposition. The classic beauties of the Drama, are scarcely surpassed by those of the Bible itself. The profession is legitimate, indispensable to the world, and capable of the greatest possible good. It is the best and greatest source of rational amusement, and contains the glorious elements of instructiveness, of freedom and morality. Besides, it is a profession of peace. Much good is nightly accomplished in a quiet and unostentatious manner, and no threatnings mingle with the mercies. With us, the feuds of the Capulets and Montagues are stilled without a resort to faggots or the rack—and so it has been from the days of Æschylus the Greek. Can the Church, since its foundation show as pure a record? The world will answer, no. Whether the canons of the churches or cannons of war have slain the most men may be a mooted point. But it is a historical fact that at one time the price of firewood was advanced in the city of London from the quantity of that material used to destroy particular unbelievers.

Admitting that theatres and theatrical organizations are not free from corruption—Will some railer please mention what institution or what calling is? The best of governments are often heart rotten, and the holiest office is sometimes disgraced. I am of the belief that iniquities are fairly and equally distributed, and that no one is free from taint. The lawyer will cheat justice for a fee; the doctor will prolong your agonies to satisfy his purse, and his pride; the merchant will misrepresent rather than lose the sale of his wares; the farmer puts his best potatoes at the top of the bag, and the minister is never more pious than when the plate is passed on Sunday.

Christians, if you behold a man you deem a sinner sinking in degradation is it not your duty, instead of dooming him to still deeper perdition, to seek to elevate his character and to raise him up to hope and peace? If so, why seek to degrade the drama, which still must live while men live, and will not die as men pass away and perish? Christians, listen to the appeal of good men and true workers in your vineyards—clergymen, who have given their approval and encouragement to the theatre, and call on you as brothers, to coalesce in the worthy task of perfecting this great engine of human happiness. Withhold your assistance now if you will—the day is not far distant when a better spirit will prevail—when bigotry shall have passed away, as surely as it must, and enlightenment and liberal views are in its place forever.

Though stung by a natural feeling of resentment, I have still endeavored to remember the respect due to true religion. No class of people can more delight in doing reverence to the true and honest-hearted, than that world-roving sect called actors. With the pretender, however, we are sparing in sympathy and loud in denunciation. We call on those who load us with abuse, and shower upon us their ill born jealousies, to make good their own condition. We resist all those who under pretence of working out our amelioration, degrade us with themselves; and I personally demand of the over-zealous Mr. SEARS, that he substantiate his unholy statements, or acknowledge them as false. Does he wish or solicit an opportunity? His desires can at once be gratified. If he would like to vindicate his course, and is anxious to entomb my profession, I will be happy at any time to meet him in his own church, there to prove the following significant facts: The players of the world are as useful, as intelligent, as industrious, and as virtuous as any like number of men and women in other professions. Few actors have ever been imprisoned for grave offences, and none have ever been executed for murder; whereas, Averys are numerous in the churches, and hundreds of Reverends have miserably perished by the halter "for the good of their country."

Finally, I may add that truth flashes from stage foot-lights as brightly as from the church candlestick, and the simple words of tenderness, of joy or sorrow, uttered by the poor player, oft haunt the memory to bring remorse, or to cheer and console, when the last harsh upbraidings of the censorious preacher are buried and forgotten. JOHN TEMPLETON.

(*Published by the Dramatic* [*al*] *Tract Society.*)

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue 42-3m* HARRY EAMES, President.

DRAMATIC HALL.—Notwithstanding the intense military excitement rampant in our midst, the aspiring sons of Thespis, with a little love yet remaining for a "spread before the public gaze," assembled at the famous "Bandbox" on the evening of April 23d, and gave Bulwer's "Richelieu" before a crowded house, in a manner not exactly as recorded in the book. Mr. White, who appeared as the Cardinal, displayed some fine points, and delivered the text fluently and correctly, albeit he failed to impress us with anything favorable. Mr. Vernon played Mauprat just well enough to escape severe criticism Billy Miller, as Francois, was up to the standard, and elicited much attention and applause. Mr. Ferguson rendered Barabas smoothly enough to "pass muster," but failed to acquit himself to the extent of his abilities. Messrs. Folwell and Healy gave the audience a dish of Shakespeare from "Julius Cæsar" William Miller told well in "William Tell." Mr. Pollock recited "Shamus O'Brien." An address from Mr. Vernon failed to take. The affair was for the benefit of A. A. Hamlin.

OSCEOLA CRICKET CLUB.—At a meeting of this well known Philadelphia Club, held April 3d, the following gentlemen were elected to serve for the ensuing term. President, Wm. A. Raiguel; Vice President, E B Duncan; Treasurer, H. B. Vaughn; Recording Secretary, Edward H. Clark; Corresponding Secretary, J. G. Secretary, Edward H. Clark; Corresponding Secretary, J. G. Knight. Ground Committee, Messrs. Duncan, Hubbard, Knight, Clark, and A. H Raiguel. The Osceola is one of the most influential of the many clubs that were organized some three or four years since.

STARTING ON A WHALING EXPEDITION.—A schoolmaster requesting a little boy who has been whispering, to step into the next room.

ATLANTA VS SUMTER.—A very interesting game of cricket was played on the 27th ult., at Powelton, Pa., between the Atlanta and the Sumter clubs, resulting in the defeat of the latter by one innings and 52 runs. The score:—

ATLANTA—First Innings.

Furniss c Workman b Frailey	21	J Stovell b Frailey	0
Cunnington b Frailey	25	Shoolbright wkt b Frailey	2
C Sinnickson l b w b Williams	31	Rockhill not out	3
T Sinnickson b Williams	9	Kirby hit wkt b Williams	0
W Stovell b Frailey	1	Byes 11, wides 4	15
Elliott b Williams	6		
Hillary b Frailey	1	Total	114

SUMTER.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Taylor b Cummington	0	b Cunnington	3
Williams c CSin'k'n bCun'gt'n	0	b Cunnington	5
Helmiold c and b Cunnington	12	b Furniss	4
Bonner c Elliot b Furniss	2	b Cunnington	3
Frailey b Furniss	3	c Hillary b Cunnington	5
McRea b Cunnington	2	b Furniss	0
J Workman c Hillary b Cun'gton	0	hit wkt b Cunnington	0
Brown b Cunnington	1	b Cunnington	1
C Workman not out	0	b Cunnington	0
Johnson b Cunnington	1	b Sinnickson	0
Church b Furniss	0	not out	0
Byes 5, wides 3	8	Byes 6, wides 6	12
Total	29	Total	33

THE OLYMPIC BASE BALL CLUB,—of Poughkeepsie, played their first game of the season on the 23d ult. They will meet for field exercise regularly every Monday and Thursday afternoon.

READING ALOUD.—There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday school, gives the style in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way in which Watts' hymns were sung, when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad wheel wagon; another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be attended to. As good as it is plain and forcible, is the above pithy series of observations from some one who has his eyes and ears and observation about him to some purpose. Pass it along.

A USEFUL CLUB.—"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to give it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will get him a club he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask: "But Tommy, my dear, what do you suppose he wanted of a club?" "Well I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it's to knock down the subscribers that don't pay for their paper."

A SHARP AND MANY EDGED SWORD.—The sword of a sword fish was found sticking into the bottom of the steamer *Golden Age*, when she was recently overhauled in Panama. It was about thirteen inches long, and had been driven through the copper, and also through the outer and inner plankings, and pricking even the ceiling. The fish stabbed the wrong customer that time. If it had been a whale, he would have been all right.

A COLLECTORSHIP.—If there were as many debts due us, as described in the following, we would prefer to do our own collecting. It appears that a young man who had devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening, demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied, "Certainly, sir, *present your bills.*"

ORDER, IN VALUE, OF MANUFACTURES.—About one-fifth of the capital invested in manufactures throughout the world is employed in the making of cotton goods. Next in importance is the distilling of liquors; third, the woolen manufacture; fourth, hardware; fifth, leather; sixth, linen; seventh; paper; eighth, pottery; ninth, silk; tenth, copper and brass.

THE AGED FATHER OF GRACE DARLING, so celebrated for her brave rescue of a drowning crew, near Vern Island lighthouse, some years since, has recently been pensioned by the British Government.

A SUGGESTION.—The term "skunk," used in parlor games wherein ladies are participants, is getting into bad odor, and it is suggested that "white-washed" would sound better. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

WALKING VS. RIDING.—The more ladies practise walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those ladies acquire the best carriage who don't ride in one.

WHAT IS AN ACTOR?—A London Court has decided that an actor is not a laborer. Of course not; he's "no work and all play."

WHAT YOU DO NOT LIKE.—You do not like pimples, freckles, or other obnoxious eruptions to disfigure your face, and yet the remedy for their removal is within your reach at a trifling cost, namely a cake of Dr Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap. You do not like red, light, or grey hair, and yet a bottle of Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Hair Dye will change it to a beautiful brown or jet black without injury to the hair or skin. Other superior cosmetics may be procured of Dr. Gouraud, No 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; of Callendar & Co, Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; and of J. B Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

BOOKS, "BOOKS," BOOKS.—NOTICE.—REMOVAL.—The rapid increase of our business has obliged us to Remove from our former location, 76, to the NEW MARBLE BUILDINGS, which have just been erected at 86 Nassau street, to which our readers will please direct all orders for *Books* and other articles—any orders that may have been sent to 76 will reach us, as our *Post Office Box* obviates any miscarriage of letters. With our increased facilities, we are enabled to attend to all orders for Books, Cards, Prints, Sporting articles and merchandise of any and every description, (large or small), with the utmost promptness, forwarding the same on the day received, and packed in the most compact and substantial manner, at the lowest market price, post paying all books and articles sent by mail. Any book you see advertised no matter where, or by whom published, enclose the price in cash, or stamps, to our address, and you will receive the work ordered by return of mail—Post paid. If you wish a Catalogue, write—we pay postage. If you wish to know the price of any article of merchandise or any book you may be in want of, write, we will give you the information and pay postage on your letter. If you really wish something good, send for our catalogue it will please you certain. Address, THOMAS ORMSBY,

General Purchasing Agency, 86 Nassau street, New York.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All readers of the CLIPPER in want of Books, Prints, Cards, Stereoscopes, &c., &c., should not fail to send for our Catalogue before purchasing elsewhere Address P. O. Box 10, Shirley Village, Mass. 3 1t*

THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.
UNION COCKADES,
UNION COCKADES,
UNION COCKADES,
Twenty five cents each.
Enclose postage stamps and secure a
UNION BADGE,
UNION BADGE,
UNION BADGE,
Two dollars per doz.
Send for a Union Badge.
J. H. FARRELL,
3 tf 14 and 16 Ann st., N. Y.

"WHILE WE LIVE, LET US LIVE."
J. A. WALNUT,
OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,
212 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., New York.
3 tf OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

OUR FLAG STILL FLOATS.

UNION BADGES.
UNION ROSETTES,
10 different designs.
8 designs in satin.
2 designs in brass.
The latter worn as a breastpin. Rosettes of various patterns. We call the attention of Country Pedlers, News Dealers and Postmasters to our prices. Rosettes and Badges $5 per 100. Single ones sent to any address upon receipt of 12 cts.
3 2t Address N. B. HOWARD, 23 Ann st., N. Y.

THREE CARD MONTE ON THE OHIO RIVER.

In the spring of 1853, while travelling from Louisville, Ky., to Cincinnati, Ohio, on the steamboat Telegraph, I made the acquaintance of a Jew peddler, who was engaged in the business of peddling jewelry; and soon after the boat left, which was about noon, we had a game of Euchre, just to pass away time. After we were done playing Euchre, my partner watched an opportunity when there were but few passengers in the saloon and stepped up to me and said, have you ever seen the New Zealand Puzzle? I told him I had not; he took from the pack of cards we had been playing with, three cards, and crimped them, and commenced throwing them one over the other, and said that I could not name any particular card for a bottle of wine. I no ided to the Jew, and he said that was no trick. I asked him if he would join me in the bet for the wine; he said he would. My partner then threw the cards over again, and requested me to turn up the card; I asked the Jew which one he thought was the right one; he said he would take the middle one; I told him I thought he was mistaken, but turned up the middle one, which proved to be the right one. We had the bottle of wine; after drinking it, he threw the cards over again, and offered to bet any amount that we could not tell again, without we had seen the puzzle before. I told him I had never seen it before, and the Jew said he never had. I then asked him how much he would bet; he said that he was not particular, as he had just drawn ten thousand dollars in the lottery at Havana, and money was no object to him. I turned to the Jew and said, we can make a good thing out of that fellow, and asked him how much money he had; he said he had only about two hundred dollars with him, as he had just bought a stock of jewelry, and among the lot about two dozen gold hunting-case watches. I told him I only had about one hundred dollars with me, but had a draft on Cincinnati for thirteen hundred dollars, but could not get it cashed until I arrived there; he asked me if I thought the fellow's money was good; I told him that I had not seen it. We then went to the table, and asked him how much of a bet he would like to make; I laid both hands down on the table, and raised them twice, which meant two thousand dollars; he looked at my hands, and said he would bet from two thousand dollars upwards, and then took out of his pocket about six hundred dollars in twenty dollar gold pieces, and as soon as the Jew saw them, I made up my mind he would be an easy victim, although they have the name of being shrewd; I think they cannot stand the sight of gold, especially in large quantities; he told my partner that he had not so much money, but had a lot of fine gold watches, which he would put up against his money. I spoke and said it was not a proper place to be conversing on such matters, as we would be likely to be arrested for gambling—that we had better go to our state-room, where we would be undisturbed; he thought it a good idea, and went to the office and got his jewelry box, and opened it and showed us his stock, and said if he could get a fair valuation for his watches, he would bet. My partner asked him how much he would bet; he said that he and his friend, meaning me, would bet him two thousand dollars, providing his money was good, which he had no doubt it was; my partner said if he disputed the money he might take it to the clerk of the boat and satisfy himself; he took several twenty dollar gold pieces and examined them, and said he thought they were genuine, and my partner said he had only seven hundred dollars in gold, and the balance he would put up in Kentucky money, and if he doubted its being genuine, he could take it to the clerk of the boat; he accordingly took two twenty dollar bills, and showed them to the clerk, and asked his opinion of them; the clerk said they were good, and he came back satisfied. My partner asked him what he valued his watches at; he picked out fifteen of them, and said they were worth one hundred dollars apiece, and said he would put them up at that price, and he had two hundred dollars in money; I told him I would make out the balance, and took out my watch and chain, and told them that it cost me one hundred and fifty dollars, and I had one hundred and fifty dollars in money, which, with the Jew's watches and money, would make two thousand dollars. My partner said he would like to have an understanding before the bet was made; he then took the cards and threw them over, and said if we guessed any particular card we took the money, and if not, the money and watches were his; the Jew said that was the way he understood it, and we went to the saloon, and got a pack of cards, and my partner took the tray of clubs and the tray of diamonds, and the deuce of hearts, and said we might take the tray of clubs as the card, and after throwing them over several times, I told him I would bet him one bottle of wine before we commenced; he said it was all right, and I turned up the tray of clubs; he said he was beat, and started to order the wine, and when he closed the door, I took up the tray of clubs and made a small dot on the back of the card, and said to the Jew that we could easily fool him now; he winked, and thought it a capital idea; soon my partner returned with the wine, which we drank, the cards still laying where my partner left them. The Jew then asked him if he was willing to bet the two thousand dollars; he said he was, and two thousand more if he chose; the Jew said two thousand was enough—he opened the box again, and took out the watches, and everything being understood, I was appointed stakeholder. The watches and money being counted and placed in a handkerchief, I was to give it to the Jew if he turned up the tray of clubs; if not, my partner was to have the handkerchief and its contents. The cards were then thrown again; the Jew turned up the card with the dot on, and it proved to be the tray of diamonds. My partner immediately took the handkerchief from me and put it into his coat pocket; the Jew turned deathly pale—I shall never forget his looks, as he took the card and looked at it, but there was the dot; my partner then left the room. The Jew turned to me and said, "how could he change the spot?" I told him it was as much of a mystery to me as it was to him. We were then about ten miles from Madison, Indiana, and I concluded that we had better leave the boat there, rather than proceed to Cincinnati, as we were sure to be arrested there. The Jew asked me if I was acquainted with that man; I told him I was not; he said we had better see him, and ask him to give back the watches; I told him I did not think he would; if we had won his money we would not give it back; he said he was a ruined man; I told him he should not have bet; he asked me to get him some brandy and water, which I did; I told him to lay down and he would soon feel better, and I would go and see what arrangement I could make in the matter. I found my partner, and told him we had better leave the boat at Madison; he said that it was his intention to do so; we were then nearing the landing, and as soon as the plank went ashore, we had our trunks taken off, and the boat was soon off again.

Before closing this, it may be interesting to some, to know how the spot on the card was changed from the tray of clubs to the tray of diamonds. When we first went aboard of the boat, an understanding was had with the barkeeper; we gave him three packs of cards of one kind, small blue star backs, and when we called for cards, we were to have them, and no others, for which we paid him one dollar per pack. My partner had the other cards, corresponding with the first three, in his pocket, except the tray of clubs being dotted it was the tray of diamonds; when he went the last time to take the watches out of his box, my partner slipped the first three in his pocket, and took out the last three, which contained the tray of diamonds dotted, in the place of the tray of clubs. You see what chance you have of winning with a sharper; and if it holds good with most kinds of gambling, as gamblers seldom risk their money, without the odds are is their favor, which is the case nine times in ten. The Jew I never heard of since, but suppose he had the officers, at Cincinnati, on the watch for us, but it was useless, as we took the cars and went to Indianapolis.—*From Berry's Work on Gambling.*

A REMARKABLY CHEAP HORSE

AND HOW HE WAS DISPOSED OF.

A jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of his horse. He was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer of that auctions off horses here on Saturday."

"I'm the individual," said the auctioneer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, I've got a horse I wanted to sell, *provided* I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a *leetle* thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly."

"Very good, will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you tax?"

"One dollar first insertion; fifty cents for every time after."

"That's tew dollars for three times. I reckon that you may put him in the newspaper *once*, stranger, and after that let him slide."

"Very good; what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise"

"Is he sound?"

"Sound! Oh, sound as a dollar—shouldn't like to warrant him, though?"

"All right; I'll advertise and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by twelve o'clock."

"I jest want to tell you, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, *but* you may let him go for five."

"Exactly, and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?"

"Well, no, I'm not dispositioned to be hard, anyhow I calculate not."

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse dealer.

"Go on gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half—going—going!"

"*Sell him, sir, he's dying!*" whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

"Gone!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale, the horse dealer was the first one up at the desk to settle.

"Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale; you have to pay us just fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"*Po*-litical *de*-struction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then with a satisfied manner he continued, "*It's cheap enough!*" there is a fifty cent piece. *Cheap enough!* I couldn't gin him away at no price, and it would have cost tew dollars and a half to bury him. Just half a dollar saved. Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. *Cheap enough.*

SMART WOMEN.—Mrs. Lamb, during the past winter, at Moosehead, Me., with a pair of two year old heifers, has hauled one hundred and ten cords of wood one third of a mile and piled it on the shore of Moosehead Lake. A Miss Harford also hauled fifty cords on a hand sled to the shore of the lake.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $12.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR.
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

PICKENS.—When Anderson signified his willingness to evacuate Fort Sumter, a crowd serenaded Gov. Pickens, at the Charleston Hotel, after which he made a speech, in which the following passage occurred:—

"Thank God the day has come—thank God the war is open, and we will conquer or perish. [Renewed applause.] They have vauntingly arrayed their *twenty millions of men against us*; they have exultingly also arrayed their navy, and they have called us but a handful of men, a weak and isolated State, full of pride, and what they call chivalry, and with the hated institution of slavery, as they suppose a source of weakness, too, but which, in fact, is a source of strength in war, and they have defied us. But we have rallied; we have met them, and met them in the issues they have tendered in their strong hold, by which they expected to subjugate our country. We have met them and we have conquered. [Great applause.] *We have defeated their twenty millions*, and we have made the proud flag of the stars and stripes, that never was lowered before to any nation on this earth, we have lowered it in humility before the Palmetto and the Confederate flags, and we have compelled them to raise by their side the white flag, and ask for an honorable surrender." [Long continued applause.]

Such is the romance of the affair. The facts show that Pickens' *handful* of men consisted of *six thousand*, while our *twenty millions* dwindled down to just *one hundred men!* And it took the rebels more than *thirty hours* to bring the little garrison to terms. But the twenty millions are now moving, and in three months, if the Federal administration exhibits back bone sufficient to back up the people, this same Pickens, and his co-traitors, may be putting themselves under the protection of some foreign flag. The people are moving, slowly but surely. Let the traitors tremble.

THE SPORTING SEASON.—The season just opening for out-door sports does not promise to be very successful. Before the attack on Fort Sumter, prospects were excellent for a brisk campaign, but now the chances are the other way. Many of the young men belonging to Cricket, Base Ball, and Boat Club organizations have joined their fortunes to some military company, and are now serving their country where duty calls them. Those who are left behind, will not enter into the spirit of their respective games with the same feelings as heretofore. Everything must give way to the all-absorbing business of the day, the defence of our government against rebellion; and out-door sports and pastimes for the year 1861 will meet with but little attention.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.—Nothing yet from Chambers. Our London correspondent says he was looked for in London at last advices, when it was probable he would at once come to some determination on the subject of the match. Of course, should the proposed race be definitely arranged to come off, it will lose much of its interest on account of the pending troubles which have arisen since the subject was first broached. Should the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter have been received in London before Chambers had come to any conclusion respecting the articles submitted with Ward's signature, it is scarcely probable that he (Chambers) will test his abilities with Ward *this* year.

GOING OFF.—John Grindell, the champion pedestrian of America, has joined the company under Mike Norton, in Kerrigan's regiment of Union Rangers, and will soon leave for the seat of war.

MARVELLOUS MAGIC.—One evening, at early dusk, at Paris in 1858 or '59, a party of us, American medical students, were strolling through the Rue Richelieu, and when near the Boulevards, our attention was drawn to a flaming poster of an Eastern Juggler, who was performing at some hall on the Boulevard du Temple. Among other wonderful things, this man could cut off the head of a living man, and defy any one to surprise him in the trick. Being considerably accustomed to manipulating with the knife on the dead, and being thoroughly hardened to all sights of horror, we determined to go and see this wonderful necromancer. At the hour appointed we repaired to the hall, and obtained a seat near the stage. After performing wonderful tricks, the magician came forward, and announced as his last feat for the evening, the actual decapitation of a living man, apparently. To prevent feelings of horror among the ladies, he assured the audience it was a trick of legerdemain, mere sleight of hand—that he did not, in reality, cut the man's head off With this explanation he invited any one of the audience desirous of capital punishment to step forward, promising a speedy satisfaction. For some moments no one appeared anxious for the honor. At length a soldier, a private in the infantry, stepped forward and signified his readiness to be decapitated. There could have been, it was plain, no connivance between the men. No man dare assume the martial bearing in France without authority. Directing the man to divest himself of his coat and necktie, or stock, the magician brought out his instrument of death. It was an enormous knife, resembling a ponderous cleaver. He cast it down to show its weight, and it left a large impress in the boards. There was no deception in the weight of the knife. He then made the man lie down, and placing the soldier's neck far in the block, the magician fixed a long handle to his enormous knife, and proceeded very leisurely, and with heavy, well-directed strokes, to chop the man's head off. During this he merely lowered the foot lights without obscuring the view at all. Cries of horror and amazement burst from the terror-stricken audience, as with every descending blow of the huge cleaver the blood spurted away. The man who was undergoing the operation simply quivered through his lower limbs. Soon the dismembered head rolled on the floor, the blood issued by jets from the cut arteries, and the jaws dropped, while the eyes turned up in death. It was a horrible sight. The magician then took the bleeding head by the hair and passed it not more than three feet from our party. It seemed to me a dreadful reality. I almost expected to see a fierce *gendarme* seize and arrest the murderer. Suddenly, but only for an instant, the room was darkened. In a second all was light again, and we saw the magician busy at work, coaptating the head to the bleeding trunk. Diligently he worked, and for some moments, apparently, to no purpose. All at once, however, he slapped the dead soldier smartly on the back; immediately the man arose, felt anxiously around his neck, looked foolishly around, and descended amid the audience.

TAIL HOLT BETTER THAN NO HOLT.—The following story is of a man named Oliver Stanley, who was taken captive by wild "Injins" in North Carolina. They put him into an empty oil barrel, and headed him up, leaving the bung hole oper, that he might be the longer a-dying. The prisoner relates a portion of his experience in this wise:—"I determined to git out'n that or bust a trace; and so I pounded away with my fist till I beat it into nearly a jelly, at the end of the bar'l; but it were no go. Then I butted a spell with my noggin, but I had no purchase like old rams have when they butt; fur, you know they back ever so far when they make a tilt. So I caved in, made my last will and testament, and virtually gave up the ghost. It war mighty serious time with me fur sure. While I were lying there, balancing accounts with t'other world, and afore I had all my figgers made out to see how things 'ud stand, I heard suthin' scrambulating in the leaves, and snortin, every whipstitch, like he smelt suthin' he didn't adzactly like. I lay as still as a salamander, and thought, maybe there's a chance for Stanley yit. So the critter, whatever it mout be, kep' moseyin' round the bar'l. Last he came to the bung hole, put his nose in, smelt mighty pertickler, and gin a monstrous loud snort. I helt what little breath I had, to keep the critter from smellin' the intarnals ov that bar'l. I soon seen it was a bar of the woods—the big king bar of the woods, who had lived thar from time immortal. Thinks I, old fellow, look out; old Oliver ain't dead yit. Jist then he put his black paw in jist as fur as he could, and scrambled about to make some 'scovery. The first tho't I had was to nab his paw, as a drownin' man will ketch at a straw; but I soon seen that wouldn't do, for you see he couldn't then travel. So I jist waited a spell with great flattarbation of mind. The next move he made was to put his tail in at the bung hole ov the bar'l to test its jeards. I seen that wus the time to make my Jack; so I seized my holt, and shouted at the top of my voice:—

'Charge, Chester, charge!
On, Stanley, on!'

And the bar he put, and I knowed tail holt wus better than no holt; and so we went, bar'l and all, the bar full speed; now my hope were that he would *jump over some precepice*, brake the bar'l all to shiverations, and liberate me from my nasty, stinkin' lily prison. And sure 'nuff, the bar at full speed leaped over a cataract *fifty feet high*. Down we went in a pile, cowhallup, on a big rock, bustin' the bar'l and nearly shakin' my gizzard out'n me. I let go my tail holt—had no use for it—and away went the bar like a whirlygust or woodpeckers were after it. I've never seen nor heard from that bar since, but he has my best wishes for his present and future welfare."

"TRAMP! TRAMP!"

THE DEPARTURE OF THE NEW YORK TROOPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Tramp, tramp! in martial array,
Onward they move—quick advancing,
While flush is the light of the early Spring day,
And their arms in the sun-beams are glancing.
Noble their task! to contend for the right,
Tho' assailed by a kindred band,
And noble as well this view of their might,
Invoked for their own native land.
Tramp, tramp! Oh, who shall dissever
One Star from our circle? The Union forever!

Tramp, tramp! all the city is up and awake,
Eager to honor true bravery;
And to utter their scorn against those who would break
The great compact of States by their knavery.
The colors are flying, the band playing well,
As the cheers of the thousands co-mingle,
And from the full heart such feelings up-swell,
As cause all the pulses to tingle.
Tramp, tramp! Oh, who would dissever
One Star from our circle? The Union forever!

Sons from their mothers—husbands new wed—
Forgetful of every home treasure,
Have joined the array, by principle led,
Reckless of gain and of pleasure;
And the grandsire and youth have wanted no call,
Save that of their duty—*that* heeding
They move onward, a band of compatriots all,
Truthful alone in God's speeding.
Tramp, tramp! Oh, who would dissever
One Star from our circle? The Union forever!

Tramp, tramp! the hopes and the fears
Of a people, aroused to their wronging,
Follow each man who in arms now appears,
And in haste to the battle is thronging;
And a blessing and prayer to uphold the bright flag,
That traitors alone have ignored—
The Stars and the Stripes—which may hang like a rag,
But ne'er more to the freeman is lower'd.
Tramp, tramp! Oh, who would dissever
One Star from our circle? The Union forever!

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL 15.—R. James, of Aberdare, and E. Llewellyn; £50 a side, Aberdare.
23.—J. Rooke and G. Crocket—£50 a side, 10st, home circuit.
24.—T. Bedford and J. Room's Novice; £5 a side, catch weight—within fifty miles of Birmingham.
30.—Bob Travers and Bodger Crutchley; £50 a side, at 10 stone, Home circuit.
30.—Reeves and Hooker—£15 a side, London.
MAY 23.—Tom King and Harry Poulson; £100 a side, Home circuit.
JUNE —.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.
18.—Burgess and Clarke—£100 a side, London.
SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, London.

SAM HURST AND JEM MACE, £200 A SIDE, AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Another deposit of £200 a side is now down in the hands of the final stakeholder, on behalf of this great event, which is fixed to take place in June next, in the home circuit. Each has expressed his confidence and ability to bring off the issue of the contest in his favor; and as they both shortly go into training, the affair may be considered settled that it will be a battle. Hurst has been to Sheffield, where he was presented with two silver cups, and he returns to meet his Sheffield friends at a benefit, which will be given him on the 15th inst. Jem Mace visited Newcastle on Saturday, and met with a hearty reception. On April 10th, he visited Hull, attended by his stud of boxers. Jem Mace has chosen his colors, which are a handsome twilled handkerchief with the British coat of arms in the centre, and a broad orange border; altogether presenting an appropriate "symbol" for a candidate for the championship to nail to the mast.

The next deposit of £20 a side was to be staked on the 17th ult., when arrangements were to be made for fixing the actual day of battle.

A. FISHER AND T. MILES.—These Birmingham youths met on Monday, April 8, at Delves Green, for £5 a side, but owing to the blues putting in an appearance, they at once returned through Birmingham to Selby Oak Valley, on the Worcester-road, at which place they entered the ring, Fisher attended by Hall and M. Phelan, and Miles by Allen and Bowey Taylor. The first round lasted for twenty minutes, Fisher leading off, popping it lightly on the phiz, Miles returning it heavily on Fisher's potato trap, drawing first blood. Fisher a second time on Miles' phiz, but so slight that it did not leave a mark, Miles rattling away at Fisher's ribs; a rally. Miles dropped on his knees, up again, renewed the round; a struggle, both down. Only three more rounds were fought. In the last Fisher was first up and led off in good style, foreing the fighting, catching Miles a nasty one on the left ogle, Miles returning it heavily on Fisher's ribs. Fisher made play with his right, catching Miles on the temple, sending him reeling home to his second's knee, and on time being called, Miles declined to have any more. Fisher was declared the winner after four rounds, 55 minutes.

BILLIARDS.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH BETWEEN MR. ROBERTS AND MR HUGHES.—If we may judge from the excitement that this fascinating game is creating now a days, both in England and America, and from the crowded gathering of spectators present at nearly every match of importance, billiards are "looking up." It is questionable whether, since the days when Shakspeare set down for Cleopatra the exclamation—

"Let's to billiards!"

down to the commencement of the present century, when Andrews who (his historian says) "ate, drank, slept, walked, nay talked, but to promote the game of billiards;" and who had only one player in Europe to equal him, and that man the renowned Abraham Carter. Even through these bygone days to the present, billiards were never more in the ascendant.

But to proceed with an account of the great match, 1,000 up, of April 10, at Saville House, Leicester square, London, between the professors above named, and in which Roberts gave his opponent 300 points out of 1,000.

The room was crammed to excess. At about half-past eight the game began amidst the stillness of the wigwam of an anchorite.

The players "strung for the break," Hughes leading off, by giving a miss; his opponent following suit; and, after a few cautious strokes had been played, in which Roberts hardly seemed to have got into cue—we mean no pun in this, be it understood—seeing that he missed two apparently easy red hazards—the game stood, 311 to 2—offers to bet 5 to 4. The play was then slack for some little time, till Roberts having got pretty well in, rapidly increased his score by a series of hazards off the red into the middle pockets, and in which he displayed marvellous dexterity in bringing up the red repeatedly to the position desired. In the course of these splendid strokes, "30 to 20 I name the winner," was cried. Roberts scored 27 by these hazards. When Hughes resumed, he certainly played some as splendid caroms as could well be witnessed, which gained him much applause. Roberts, in again, got the red ball into possibly the most effective position for himself, and the most dangerous for his opponent. It was near the spot, and with but little deviation from this locality, he managed to put the red, first in one corner pocket, and then the other, no fewer than 40 times! which, of course, without anything else, added 120 to his score. Loud applause followed this really great achievement, which consists not so much in the striker being fully able to pocket the ball just exactly when he pleases, as it does in so calculating and striking to a nicety in one operation, as to leave the balls in position for mischief the next. The game stood at this point—Roberts, 203; Hughes, 382; and the betting, 7 to 4, and 10 to 5. When Hughes got into play again, he pursued the carom game where at all practicable, and in several instances where seemingly impracticable, he succeeded in making some brilliant strokes, and thereby improving his score. Roberts, however, soon afterwards got to the old spot again, and made 8 more pockets, thus adding 24 to his score, making the game, Roberts 377, Hughes 441. The play then varied again, short scores being made by each in turn, Hughes, unfortunately, sending his ball flying off the table, in apparently attempting a difficult carom. A couple of baulks occurred in this shifting position of the game, and very soon after the game was cried even—447 each, amidst much applause. Roberts again led off, and played in admirable style, whilst Hughes followed not less admirably in a series of splendid caroms, which were the subjects of marked approbation. (10 to 1 however was offered, and we believe taken rather freely.) Roberts soon after once more got into his favorite corner, and fiddled away until he got 11 more pockets with his friend the red, thus adding 33 to his score, besides other perquisites. Here was observable the first fluke, we believe, but to whose account—no matter. Hughes then pursued, for some few strokes, his reproachless carom game, but, in the end, unfortunately made a miss, soon after which the game stood—Roberts, 533; Hughes, 502. Roberts soon got into play again, making 81 off one break. There was then more interchange of play, in which Roberts, in attempting a peculiar stroke, flew his ball over the table; subsequently to which there was some of what may not be inaptly termed "billiard sparring," or, in other words, very cautious playing, which Roberts wound up by displaying one of his master strokes, in which he screwed back, with marvellous power and precision, from the red, pocketing it and caroming, a stroke which elicited immense applause. The game then stood—Roberts, 715; Hughes, 506. It is no discredit whatever to the latter to say that his chance of the game was evidently hopelessly gone; in fact, he was over-matched. He played well and pluckily, but he was no peer with the Leviathan. He succeeded in making some really splendid strokes, but whilst he was thus simply counting by twos, his opponent, when in play, was adding to his score by multiplying that amount, now in a greater, now in a lesser degree. Roberts again got to that fatal spot for any opponent, and amused himself and the company by sending the red to his fishing-net home half-a-dozen times in succession. Hughes then went in again, and by his beautiful carom strokes earned an applause which could not but be exceedingly gratifying to him; but Roberts succeeded, and added 14 more of his "red-pots" to the score, thus increasing it by 42, concluding the whole of this break by a total of 60, which was greeted by loud cheering. Shortly after this, the game was concluded, the gallant winner pulling up with the requisite score of 1,000, whilst his opponent stood at 556, including the 300 points given.

Thus finished a very interesting game, in which on both sides were exhibited some as brilliant strokes as it is almost possible for man to effect. Roberts played with his usual imperturbable gravity, and Hughes with a degree of calmness exceedingly commendable.

The game occupied about two hours, and was productive of intense interest throughout, which might, however, and no doubt would have been materially heightened, had the players been more equally matched.

MR SYMES' BILLIARD HANDICAP.—On Monday and Tuesday, April 8th and 9th, one of the great handicaps, originated by Mr. Symes, came off at his well-known billiard room, Fish-street-hill, London, and was played by the following gentlemen, 100 up, who were handicapped as follows:—Messrs. Lappard, scratch; Charles Street, 5 points; Coombe, 5; Green, 18; Loyer, 35; Van Stroom, 40; Brown, 43; Standley, 43; Dickens, 46; H. B., 46; D. Brown, 46; Harris, 46; Manchester, 46; J. Warne, 51; Pat, 54; R. Hayles, 58. The first time round Mr. Dickens beat Hayles by 24 points; Stanley beat Van Stoom by 40; Manchester beat Coombe by 2; Brown beat Dr. Brown by 12; Loyer beat Green by 5; Warne beat H. B. by 9; Pat beat Lappard by 33; Harris w. o. Second round: Brown beat Harris by 12; Pat beat Manchester by 7; Warne beat Dickens by 16; Stanley beat Loyer by 6. Third round: Brown beat Pat by 11; Warne beat Stanley by 41. Deciding game: Warne beat Brown by 24.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PUDNEY AND REED'S MAN.—This race of 10 miles, for £25 a side, came off on April 8th, at the Rotunda Gardens, Dublin, (Pudney giving his opponent three minutes start). Reed's man turned out at the last deposit to be the once Champion of England, John Levett, who has been located in Dublin for some time. The condition of the match was, for Levett to have the same start he was handicapped at in the Ten-mile Handicap at John Garratt's benefit, which was three minutes. At half-past four the men appeared on the grounds in racing gear. 6 to 4 was offered on Levett, but with few takers. Levett got something over 1010 yards in his three minutes, when Pudney received the office to go, when he dashed after his man in splendid style, and gained rapidly on him, for at four miles he was not more than a minute and a half behind, when he seemed to want a rest, but he still kept gradually gaining on his opponent, and at eight miles was within 300 yards of him; at nine miles and a half Pudney was within two yards of Levett, and a severe race ensued home. Levett, making a tremendous rush at the finish, won by six yards. Pudney says he is not satisfied with his defeat, and will will make a fresh match with Levett, on the same terms, for £25 a side, and will give £5 for the race to take place in London.

G. CLARKE AND ALLIBONE.—These pedestrians met at West Brompton on April 8th, to decide their half mile race, for £10 a side, the meeting being well attended by the partisans of the men, among whom the event produced much interest. The pedestrians had to go twice round the course to complete the distance, and punctual to the time named for the race to come off, five o'clock, the competitors, attended by their backers, came on the ground, and looked all that could be desired in condition. The betting was in favor of Clarke at 2 and 3 to 1, there being a good deal of money speculated. The umpires and referee having been appointed, the competitors took up their positions at the mark, having to go by report of pistol. When the signal had been given, the pedestrians dashed off in admirable style, and there ensued a very capital and exciting race. The lead was taken by Clarke, making the running at a severe pace, while some two yards in the rear came Allibone. When about three hundred yards had been covered, Clarke, in a splendid spurt, tried to still more effectually widen the gap between them, but Allibone proved to be quite equal to what was required of him, for when the first quarter of a mile had been completed, Clarke had not succeeded in gaining any additional advantage. Now came the most exciting part of the struggle, for as the competitors went rattling along at the same terrific pace Allibone made the most strenuous efforts to wrest the lead from his opponent, and so far succeeded, that when about 600 yards had been done they were breast to breast, Allibone just coming slightly to the front, and it was evident that both were straining every nerve to the utmost to obtain the advantage. At length Clarke succeeded in breaking from his opponent, and as he once more resumed the lead his partisans imagined that he had got the race well in hand. Allibone, however, was not to be so easily disposed of, for, as they drew nearer the goal, he, for the second time, closed upon his competitor, and when within 50 yards of the finish was for the second time neck and neck. The gallant efforts Allibone made were not, however, to be crowned with success, for Clarke once more shot from him, and went in a winner by three yards, both being much distressed at the finish.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 1.—VOL. IX.

BY A. B. C.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1.. 3 to 7		20 to 16		9.. 7 to 11		3 to 7	
2.. 8	11	15	8	10..11	15	7	3
3..19	15	8	4(A	11..19	24	8	8
4..12	19	4	8	12..24	28	8	12
5..15	10	14	9	13..28	32	12	16
6..10	14	29	25	14..32	27	16	20
7..14	18	25	21	15..15	18	20	16
8..18	14	8	3	16..27	24, and wins.		
			(A)				
3..		8	3	8.. 2	6	10	7
4..12	19	3	10	9.. 6	10	7	3
5..15	6	29	25	10..10	14	3	8
6..19	24	25	22	11..24	27, and wins.		
7.. 6	2	14	10(*)				
			(*)				
7..		22	18	9..24	27	15	10
8.. 2	7	18	15	10.. 7	2, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 2.—VOL. IX.

BY GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..17 to 14		15 to 6		4..15 to 11		2 to 7	
2..14	19	6	2	5..11	9	1	6
3..19	15	13	6	6.. 9	2, and wins.		

GAME No. 3.—VOL. IX.

From Drummond's Treatise.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11 to 15		22 to 18		16.. 9 to 13		18 to 14	
2..15	22	25	18	17..13	17	22	13
3.. 8	11	29	25	18..15	18	23	19
4.. 4	8	25	22	19..18	23	19	16
5..12	16	24	20	20.. 1	6	14	10*
6.. 8	12	27	24	21.. 6	15	21	17
7..10	15	24	19	22..17	14	27	31
8..15	24	28	19	23..13	9	31	26
9.. 7	10	31	27	24.. 9	6	26	22
10..10	15	19	10	25.. 6	2	22	17
11.. 6	15	27	24	26..14	10	7	14
12.. 2	7	32	28	27..16	7	3	10
13..16	19	23	16	28.. 2	6	17	22
14..12	19	26	23	29..24	19	15	24
15..19	26	30	23	30..28	19. Drawn.		

*Anderson's 1st Game, Branch D, beaten by Drummond.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
1. 11	15	22	17
2..15	19	24	15
3..10	19	23	16
4..12	19		

BETWEEN MARY S. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
4.. 4	8	24	20

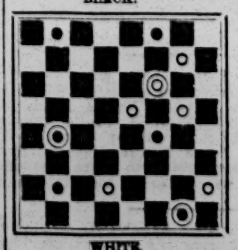
BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S. K.	
6..10	15	21	17

POSITION No. 3.—VOL. IX.

BY N. G. B.

BLACK.

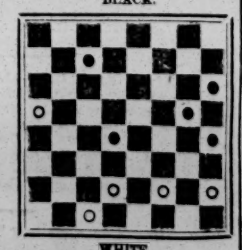


WHITE.

White to play and win in 7 moves.

THE 22D POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

COME AT LAST!—OUR PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—We have at length received the Circular of the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT," edited by MIRON J. HAZELTINE, Esq., published by Robert M. De Witt, 13 Frankfort street. A highly gratifying change has been made in the proposed personal appearance of the work—instead of being dressed out in "flexible muslin," as at first proposed, it will now appear in regular book binding, of handsome green and gold, at once rendering the book suitable for a position in the library. Of course with the value this enhances the cost of the work, increasing its price from 50 to 75 cents. Our correspondents may now send in their orders, accompanied by said 75 cents, and receive the book (post paid) by return mail. We need not here take up further space by a description of the book, as a circular, containing a full description and summary of the contents will be at once forwarded to all applicants. An elegant 18 mo. pp. 216. 75 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHESS.—The attack upon the Rook, merely, does not prevent castling. You should procure "Beadle's Dime Chess Instructor."

THEO. M. BROWN.—We are deeply pained by the sad news of your last, but must, *will* still hope for the more favorable event. We have shown your letter to a few intimate friends, and have many a kind word of sympathy for you. Both "Phania" and the Editor will shortly write.

WM. C. MILLER.—We have answered your questions privately, to the best of our ability. "P'raps we ought'er—but we don't see it." But war, like death, closes all such controversies.

ENIGMA No 273.
From the Schachzeitung, 1846.
BY HERR OTTO VON OPPEN.

at K B 5, K Kt 4, K B 6, K R 4 & Q 6

at K B sq, K B 2, K R 2, K R 3d.
White mates in 6, with a P.

ENIGMA No. 274.
From the Same.
BY THE SAME.

at Q K t 3, K B sq, Q 4, Q B 3d.

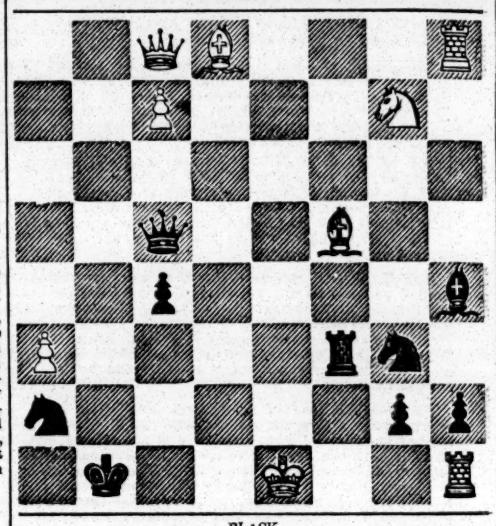
at Q R 5, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 3, Q R 3 & 4.
Black mates in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 274.—MIRON'S TOURNEY No. 12.

"Sail In—It's a Free Fight."

BY JOHN GARDNER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME NO. 274.

Fifth *partie* of the match between Messrs. Perrin and Leonard.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Leonard.	Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Leonard.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	32..Q to her 4	Q to K Kt 5
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	33..Q Kt P×P	Q Kt P×P
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	34..R-Q B sq (*b*)	Q×B P
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	35..R×B P	Q×Q+
5..P-Q 4	K P×P	36..Q R×Q	K-his B 2
6..B P×P	K B-Kt 5+	37..K-h's B 2	K-his 3 (*c*)
7..Q P-Q 2	K Kt×P	38..P-K R 4	K×K P
8..Q B×B	Q Kt×B	39..R-Q R 4	Q R-Q 3
9..K B×P+	K×K B	40..R P×P	P-Q 5
10..Q-her Kt 3+	P-Q 4 (*a*)	41..K-his 2	K-his 5
11..Q×Q Kt	K R-K sq	42..P-Q R 3	R-K Kt 3
12..Castles	K-Kt sq	43..R-Q R 5	R-Q Kt 3
13..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q Kt 3	44..K-his B 2	R-Kt 7+
14..K R-K sq	Q B-B 4	45..K-Kt 3	R-Q Kt 3
15..Q-her Kt 3	K Kt×Kt	46..K-his B 2	K-Q 6 (*d*)
16..Q×K Kt	Q-her 3	47..R-Q B 5	K-Q 7
17..Kt-K R 4	Q P-Q 2	48..R-Q B 7	P-Q 6 (*e*)
18..K R-K 5	K R×R	49..R×R P	K-Q 8
19..Q P×R	Q-her B 4	50..Q R-Q 7	P-Q 7
20..Q-her 2	P-Q B 3	51..K-his 3	R-K 3+
21..R-Q B sq	Q-K 2	52..K-his B 4	K-his 7 (*f*)
22..Kt-K B 3	K-R B sq	53..K-his B 5	R-K sq
23..R-K sq	Q B-K 3	54..P-K Kt 6	P Queens (*g*)
24..Kt-Q 4	P-Q B 4	55..Q R×Q	K×Q R
25..Kt×Q B	Q×K Kt	56..P-K Kt 7	K-Q B 7
26..P-Q Kt 3	P-Q Kt 4	57..P-K Kt 4	K-Kt 6
27..Q-her B 3	P-Q B 5	58..P-K Kt 5	K×R P
28..Q-her 4	P-Q R 3	59..P-K Kt 6	K-Kt 7
29..P-K B 4	P-K Kt 3	60..K-his B 6	P-Q R 4
30..R-Q sq	R-Q sq	61..K-his B 7	P-Q R 5*
31..Q-her B 5	P-K Kt 4	62..P Queens	R×Q, and

The *partie* is manifestly drawn.

(*a*) The opening of this game is very correctly played, and this variation in the Defence of the "Giuoco Piano," commencing at the 7th move, though not much played, we commend to attention.

(*b*) If rather tamely, the game has been evenly and solidly conducted hitherto. Mr. Leonard averred that he couldn't see beyond two moves at a time, and, apparently, he didn't try to, four-fifths of his moves at least were made on the very instant of his turn. But this move literally *gives* him a chance. This R should rather have been played to K B sq.

(*c*) We think Mr. L. saw just a little more than "two moves ahead" at the 34th move, for this early arrival of the K upon the field and his subsequent move are what constitute the merit of the exchange of Queens, then brought about. Care and correct play will now win the *partie*.

(*d*) The King now literally *leads* the remains of his hosts to battle and—it is not his fault if not to victory.

(*e*) This heedless advance costs him his assured victory. He should have seen the object of the Attack's last move, and played to have taken Kt 2d P with R, in reply to 49..R takes R P.

(*f*) The monarch undergoes the drudgery of the veriest foot soldier.

(*g*) The game can now be drawn, even, only by extreme accuracy of manœuvre—it does not *look*, at first sight, possible to draw it. This is, by far, Mr. Perrin's best battle in the match. Their whole score, including three outside games, is now:—Mr. Perrin, 1; Drawn, 1; Mr. Leonard, 6. Mr. L. having "listed" in the actual service of blood demanding Mars, of course this peaceful contest in gentle Caissa's lists has come to an abrupt and untimely termination.

*We have, evidently, omitted a move here; the Rook moved to some other sq on the royal line, the P Queened and was taken *before* the advance of R P.

A skirmish recently contested, "blindfolded," between our contributor Geo. H. Derrickson and another amateur of the Philadelphia Chess Club.

CUNNINGHAM GAMBIT.

Derrickson.	Amateur.	Derrickson.	Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q Kt to Q 5	Q to her sq
2..P-K B 4	K P×P	11..K Kt×B	Q×K Kt
3..K Kt-B 3	K B-K 2	12..Q-K 2+	K Kt-K 2
4..K B-B 4	K B-R 5+	13..K R×B P	K×K R
5..P-K Kt 3	B 2d P×P	14..Kt×Kt dis+	K-his B sq
6..Castles	P×R P+	15..Q B-Kt 5	Q×Q B
7..K-his R sq	Q-K 2	16..R-B sq+	K-home
8..P-Q 4	Q×K P	17..Kt-Kt 8 dis+	K-Q sq
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q-K 2	18..R-K B 8, checkmate.	

SCULLING.—On April 1st, a scullers' match, for £10 a side, came off on the Tyne, from the High Level Bridge to the Annie Island, a distance of about a mile, between John Gillender and Mark Henderson. Gillender, who was the favorite, was backed at 6 to 4. After a good start the lead was taken by Gillender, who, at the Skinnersburn, was a boat's length ahead. Henderson here, however, made a determined effort, reached his opponent, and, in passing the Shot Tower, took the lead, which he maintained to the finish, ultimately winning by about three boats' length.

SWIFT.—An ice-boat on Cayuga (N. Y.) Lake, ran across the ice on New Years, at the rate of a mile in half a minute.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER SEVEN.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

"He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

Born at St. Pancras, near London, May 1, 1796. He was the son of an attorney, who intended him for the same profession, and he was accordingly placed at college at Eton. He was a most accomplished linguist, speaking French, Spanish, Italian, German, and the Flemish dialect fluently. In his younger days, he was remarkable for his love of drawing and painting; but he soon abandoned that life and entered the Navy as midshipman. His father's opposition to such a life induced him to commence painting, which he soon gave up and turned to Blackstone; after which, he applied himself to sculpture, from which he turned his attention to the stage. He soon joined a Thespian society, and made his *debut* at a *car house* in Pancras street, Tottenham Court Road, as Frank Rochdale, in "John Bull." He soon joined a strolling company, and made his regular *debut* at Peckham, September 13th, 1813, as Campido, in "The Honeymoon."

He made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, October, 1813, as Sylvius, in "As You Like It." He was announced at Covent Garden Theatre one night to play Richard. Kean, who at that time kept a splendid chariot, met Booth in London, introduced himself, and gave Booth a friendly challenge to play together. Booth consented to the arrangement, and agreed to play Iago to Kean's Othello. Othello was Kean's best part, and Booth, in Iago, played to a disadvantage. The Covent Garden audience, disappointed by the non-appearance of Booth, and enraged at learning that he was playing with Kean at Drury Lane, repaired to the latter theatre, and vented their anger upon the imprudent actor, and the consequence was, Kean triumphed. Booth shortly after sailed for America, and arrived here in 1821; made his first appearance on the American stage at Richmond, Va., July 13, 1821, as Richard. Some recollections of an interesting character of Booth, were published in the Petersburg (Va) *Express*. It says:—

"In the season of 1821-22, our informant was residing at 'Osborne's,' a village on James River, some fifteen miles from Richmond, and then a place of some importance as a shipping port. One day, shortly after the arrival of a foreign vessel, he was surprised to see, lying under the piazza of the hotel, an immense pile of luggage, each marked 'J. B Booth.' Wondering who Mr. Booth was, and what he could want with so much luggage, he entered the house and very speedily formed the acquaintance of the stranger, whom he met at the dinner table. He was an intellectual looking young Englishman, free and affable in his manners, and, as our friend very soon discovered, of a very convivial disposition. He sojourned two or three weeks at 'Osborne's' without giving any one about the place the slightest clue to his calling or future plans, when one day our informant was shown a bill of the 'Iron Chest,' underlined for an early night—the character of Sir Edward Mortimer by Mr. Booth, 'his first appearance in America.' He took an early opportunity of showing the bill to his new acquaintance, and of asking him if he was *the* Mr. Booth alluded to. He very complacently answered that he was, and invited our friend to accompany him to Richmond to witness his *debut* on the American stage. The invitation was accepted, and accordingly, on the night appointed, they repaired to the theatre, where a large audience greeted the powerful acting of the young tragedian with the warmest manifestations of approval. He appeared on the next occasion in 'Richard the Third,' and completely confirmed the splendid promise of his first appearance, by his unique and vigorous embodiment of that arduous character. Although playing in Richmond, he made Osborne his headquarters for many weeks afterward, and during that time our friend became familiar with the erratic habits and eccentricities which distinguished the character of this great master of the Tragic Muse."

He first appeared in New York, October 5, 1821, as Richard, at the Park Theatre; made his first appearance in Philadelphia, February 17, 1823, at the Chestnut, as Richard; his reception in this city was not marked by any great excitement, as he was little known, and the house was a "shy" one, his first engagement proving a complete failure.

In 1825, he went to England and opened at Drury Lane, as Brutus; his visit was of short duration. In 1828 he was acting manager of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, and on the 28th of October, he was presented with a silver plate and cup, valued at $100, by the association of the theatre, testifying their respect for him as a man, and for the very able manner he acquitted himself as acting manager of that theatre.

During one of his engagements in Philadelphia, at the Chestnut, although the displays of his splendid histrionic genius excited enthusiastic applause, his eccentricities were wholly unsubdued. Upon one occasion, when summoned to appear upon the stage, he seized his servant's stock, and clapping it around his neck, went through the scene thus strangely adorned. On another occasion, he was announced to play for Mr. Pratt's benefit, but when the evening came, he was not "in the vein." Solicitations, threats, and entreaties were in vain. He swore he would not play to please aristocrats, and adjourned from the theatre to a bevy of more congenial spirits.

In 1836, for the last time, he returned to England, and after remaining a year, returned to the land of his adoption.

In 1838, while on a passage from New York to Charleston, on board the steam packet Neptune, he attempted to destroy himself under the following circumstances:—Mr. B. went on board the above packet, in company with his friend Mr. T. Flynn, the well known comedian, and on the passage showed evident symptoms of insanity; but being carefully watched by his anxious friend, he had no opportunity of escaping his vigilant eye, and appeared to improve gradually under Mr. F.'s friendly care; but in a few days afterwards, on the 9th, when 36 miles northeast of Frying Pan Shoals, during dinner, he excused himself from the table, and lowered himself overboard from the promenade deck. The Captain and Mr. Flynn were soon on deck, and endeavored to persuade him to return on board, when he not only refused, but immediately plunged into the ocean. The Captain instantly stopped the boat, which was going at the rate of eleven knots an hour, and by his prompt exertion a safety buoy was thrown over, and a safety boat launched. The Captain took the helm, and Mr. Booth, though then half a mile from the boat, was saved from a watery grave.

They finally arrived in Charleston, and Booth was announced to appear at the theatre on the 13th of the same month, and he was again attacked with the malady.

Booth's last appearance on any stage was at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, Friday, November 19, 1852, as Mortimer and John Lump. While in New Orleans, he contracted a violent cold. He took passage on the steamer J. W. Chenoweth from New Orleans to Cincinnati, but on the passage, died. The following is an account of his sickness and death, published a few years ago, by the person who attended him:—

I had taken passage on the steamer J. W. Chenoworth from New Orleans, at the same time that Booth did; though at the time unknown to me save by reputation. We had been one day out from New Orleans, when I noticed a man walking back and forth in the saloon, with his hands behind him, his head bowed in deep thought. I sat observing him closely, trying to recollect when and where I had seen him. A gentleman came up to me and remarked, "That is the tragedian Booth." The second day out he was absent from the saloon, and on enquiry, I found that he was confined to his state room very sick of a diarrhœa. Well knowing the careless regard strangers have on those boats for one that is sick, I at once visited his room, apologizing for my intrusion, and offered my services to him in any manner that might be useful. After scanning me with a look of penetration and surprise that I can never forget, he accepted the offer. On examining his room I found he had been neglected. I immediately called the porter, had the room cleaned out, clean linen put on him and on the bed; ordered some gruel made for him, as he was too weak for stronger nourishment; but there was no medical attendance at hand, and he wasted away very fast. The third day after he was taken, he could not turn over without help. I saw that he was getting in a hopeless condition, and thinking to stimulate his energies, gave him some brandy and water, having to saturate a rag and place it between his teeth, his jaws having become rigid; but on tasting it, he made an effort to remove it from his lips, and spoke with difficulty, 'No more in this world.'" I saw that he had no hopes of living, and felt anxious in regard to his hopes for the future, but being a young man and an entire stranger, I felt it to be a very delicate situation for one of my inexperience; but with a mental prayer that I might be sustained, I commenced by asking him if he had a wife; he answered, with a look of astonishment, and an emphatic "certainly I have." I then asked him if he had any message to send to her; I could not understand him, but he seemed to say, in his look and features, "Oh, that I could talk!" But, poor man, his power of utterance was so impaired, that he could scarcely utter a word distinctly. He attempted to tell me of his travels in California, but I could understand nothing but that he had suffered a great deal, and had been exposed very much. On the fourth day after he was taken, I asked him if I should read to him from my Testament. He seemed anxious that I should; when I selected an encouraging chapter, and read, while he gave the deepest attention. I then asked him if I might pray for him. His eyes became dim with moisture, and he signified his consent, when I knelt by his bunk, and besought the Great Father of us all, before whom he was shortly to appear, to receive him, though at this late hour, for the sake of Him that died that sinners might trust in his mercy. He seemed very grateful, and attempted to put his arms around my neck as I bent over him to smooth his pillow. But the fifth day, about one o'clock, he died. I was with him all the morning until the bell rang for dinner, when he repeated the words several times, distinctly, "Pray, pray, pray," accompanied by a beseeching look. We were then below Louisville, Kentucky, where, upon arriving, the captain procured a metalic coffin, and telegraphed to his wife in Baltimore to meet the corpse in Cincinnati, which she did. J. H. S.

His disease was consumption of the bowels. His burial took place December 11th, from his residence in North Exeter street, Baltimore, and proceeded to Baltimore cemetery.

He early purchased a farm in Maryland, between the village of Bel-Air and the Susquehanna river, about thirty miles from Baltimore, and came to town with eggs and butter, and the people were glad to see him. He could reap the stubble field, or mow the sea-green grass, and on a sultry day, throw himself under the branches of the spreading oak, and repeat the best speeches of the melancholy Jaques. He shunned all notoriety, living in the most frugal and simple manner, and was apparently ostentatious in *nothing*. He was taciturn, yet chatty when the vein of genial converse was touched. As an actor, none of his rivals could approach him; he stood confessedly and pre-eminently superior. He possessed a voice singularly flexible and melodious; full, clear, and susceptible of the most exquisite pathos. His countenance was one of the most expressive ever seen on the stage; and his eye, that mirror of the soul, beamed with intelligence and fire. He was particularly successful in depicting the passions of hate, fear, terror, revenge, scorn, despair, and the like; but in the softer ones he was not so happy.

As Richard the Third, a character which is not a blustering bravo, though a bold and fearless villain, but a Machiavel, for his profound skill in dissimulation and hypocrisy, his deep insight into things, and his cunning activity—Mr. Booth was unapproachable. At the latter end of the second act, when, after having scanned the countenances of the group before him, and then comes forward assuming the appearance of the most sincere grief, he was inimitable. The nonchalance of "Chop off his head," to Buckingham, was truly characteristic. We cannot but extol the consummate art with which he assumed the show of fervent devotion before the mayor and aldermen. In the tent scene, where, perhaps, the greatest histrionic powers are required, he was pre-eminently fine; it was one of those astonishing displays that leave an impression on the mind not easily erased. The agony and horror of his convulsed frame, when he starts from his couch—the livid appearance of his visage—the quivering lip—his distended eye balls, seeming about to break from their sockets, was an admirable exhibition of the broken slumbers of a haunted murderer.

Sir Edwd. Mortimer was one of his best performances; and almost inimitable. The Library Scene, with Milford, was wonderfully imagined, and equally executed. Remorse, despair, and all the diabolical passions, were grandly and finely delineated; but in the last scene he was beyond conception, great; shocked, and shamed at the discovery of the weapon in the chest, where it had been placed by his own hand without his knowledge, contending between fear, shame, and remorse, reflecting on his own depravity, were the finest bursts of those different passions powerfully and successfully displayed by this unrivailed tragedian.

Mr. Booth's Reuben Glenroy was, perhaps, as perfect a representation of the character as was ever seen.

As Pescara, he was excellent; his midnight vision of Florinda was horribly grand, if the expression may be allowed, and almost made the blood chill in one's veins, leaving an impression on the mind terrific and frightful. Taunting, bold, and fearless, he was completely the cool, determined, and systematic villain he represented.

Massinger, in all his dramatic compositions, makes his characters, particularly the most prominent ones, act from some single motive. Sir Giles Overreach is drawn in an arbitrary manner. The author has employed his utmost skill in developing one passion in the fabrication of him—self-interest. He devotes but little attention to the secret history of the human heart—its minutest excitements are disregarded, and his whole attention is exercised in describing the most anomalous of human feelings, which he does with profundity of intellect, and the most overpowering illusion, though with an exaggerated strength. Sir Giles is obdurate and relentless; without feeling, heartless, cold, and systematic. An apostate to heaven, he scorns the idea of future retribution, and disregards all laws, divine or human. He shrinks at nothing, however mean or villainous, to obtain his ends. Characters of this sort were more congenial to the genius of Mr. Booth than those which require the delineation of the minute passions of the human mind. Where energy of action and delivery are required, he was pre-eminently successful.

There was an accuracy in Booth's characterization of Sir Giles that has not been surpassed on the stage. It was a complete identification with his part; a particular and true individualization. But his manner when, as he is chiding his weeping daughter, Lord Lovell enters, and he immediately recovers his self possession, and presenting her, exclaims, with hypocritical fondness:—"A fine girl, my lord," was one of the most effective and happy touches of his art. In the last act, where his character is seen in all his malignity and villany, after he finds his designs upon Wellborn have been baffled, and that instead of the consummation of the cherished views of his ambition, which he had sought after with much avidity in the alliance of his daughter with a "Right Honorable," he had been caught in his own snare—words would be wanting in attempting to describe his frightful representation of the workings of malignity and disappointment.

As Hamlet, Mr. B. went beyond the prescribed bounds. There was neither dignity nor contemplative seriousness enough in his characterization of the melancholic and misanthropic prince. Where we sought for the meditative Hamlet, we saw an inconsistent lightness of behavior that did not correspond with our ideas. At times, too, he gave way to a vehemence of expression, by no means commensurate with his situation. At the appearance of the ghost, he appeared to *brave* the spirit, and exhibited none of that awe and wonder at its sight, which one looks for, and which should be rendered so impressive by the actor, as to impart to his audience a sensation similar to that we are to suppose affects him. In the play scene, he read:—"Nay, then let the devil wear black, *ere* I'll have a suit of sables," for which he has the authority of the old copies of Hamlet. Our modern actors read it:—"Nay, let the devil wear black, *for* I'll have a suit of sables." In addressing the shade of his father, he read as Mr. Macready:

"——"I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father!——Royal Dane, O! answer me!"

We object to this reading; a diligent search into old editions of Shakespeare, we have for authority.

Mr. Booth's Brutus was an excellent performance. His transition from imbecility to moral vigor was admirable, and the character supported throughout, in a manner seldom if ever surpassed. There were instances of apparent tameness and want of vigor; but this was only observable in declamatory parts. Few actors possess the faculty of imparting interest to haughty declamations, and Mr. Booth had not in an eminent degree this power; it scarcely ever appertains to performers, who have so much passion and feeling in their acting as he. In the fifth act, where the performer of Brutus is thrown into arduous and difficult situations, his genius shone throughout in one steady blaze. The affections of a father struggling with the duty of the judge, could scarcely have been better managed.

The character of King Lear is one of the most difficult in the whole range of drama, to embody correctly. It requires a conception so nice, a discrimination and personation so peculiar, that no performer can ever present us with a perfect living image of the Lear of Shakespeare. The passions with which he is moved are portrayed with such exquisite skill, and their gradations so artfully managed, that the actor, not unfrequently, may hold up a real and faithful picture, yet, with all his genius, be it ever so great, his colors will occasionally want that harmony and force required to give efficacy and truth to the characterization.

Mr. Booth's conception of Lear was just and correct. His performance was imposing, and would have been great, had he softened some parts, and preserved, with his admirable representation of the weakness and decrepitude of old age, the accents of a man "four score and upwards." His curse of Goneril would have been inimitable, but for injudicious vociferation—his *manner* was effective.

In the last scene where he enters mad, and bedecked with flowers, he deserved almost unqualified approbation; and when it is recollected that this is one of the most arduous parts in the tragedy, and how difficult it is to portray a mad man, and such a mad man as Lear is here depicted, this will not be considered weak praise.

In the character of Shylock, Mr. Booth was too impetuous and extravagant. The utmost vindictiveness of a human mind may be displayed without resorting to loud vociferations; and no actor can do justice to this part, if his replies are not given with the coolness of one whose deep, unalienable hate, could enjoy the agonies of his victim, and find music in his groans. It is his calmness and impenetrability that heightens his malignity. If, therefore, I cannot say of his Shylock—

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew,"

I feel convinced if Mr. Booth had exercised his judgment in marking well the difference between malignity and choler, revenge and resentment, spleen and passion, this doggrel might be applied to him.

Although Jaffier is not a part very favorable to the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Booth's histrionic genius, it offers many opportunities for those touches of his art which he so often displayed. On the whole, he was more distinguished for passion and feeling, than judgment and discrimination. His numerous beauties so far outweighed his defects, that it was only necessary for him to have bestowed a little more attention to the character, to have rendered it one of his happiest performances. He is the only one who could infuse such intensity of feeling in this rhapsody:—

"Oh! woman! lovely woman; nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

But his acting afterwards, in the remainder of the scene, did not correspond altogether with his exclamation of this eulogy—he sank into a reprehensible tameness.

Octavian was a character not very well suited to his powers; for while the bolder features of the part were expanded with much effect, the softer lines of "coloring and variation of conception, lines almost as delicate as the horizon that vanishes between the sea and sky," were but feebly and coldly delineated.

[Next week, James Robertson Anderson, the English vocalist, with full particulars of the Park-theatre riot, that drove him from the American stage.]

TROTTING IN ENGLAND.—On April 3, the trotting match of two miles, in harness, for £25 a side between Mr. Bence's Jerry, 13 hands 3 inches, and Mr. Pazey's brown mare Manchester Bess, 15 hands 2 inches in height, came off, near Hatfield, from the 17th to the 19th milestones from London. Mr. Holt was chosen referee, and the little betting that did take place was at evens. They met at the 17th milestone at three o'clock, and half an hour having elapsed while the preliminaries were arranged, the word to start was given at 3 30 precisely. Jerry took the lead at starting, which he had increased to 60 yards when half a mile had been traversed, and kept the same distance in front for one mile and three quarters; but being let loose in the last quarter of a mile, he increased the gap and won by 90 yards with consummate ease. Manchester Bess from the start had no chance whatever, in consequence of her having broken so frequently, and her driver never being able to make her settle down. There was no time taken in consequence of the easiness with which the mare was defeated. Mr. Rodney tooled Jerry with his usual judgment, a friend of Mr. Pazey's doing the attentive for Manchester Bess.

FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY:—Which is the most delightful operation, "To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?"

THE "ROUNDER."

A SERIES OF SPORTING AND OTHER SKETCHES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN OF MANHATTAN.

NUMBER TWO.

THE PIC NIC AND THE FIGHT.

THE first annual private Pic Nic Excursion of the Rounder Club came off on the 6th of August, 1850, and a finer morning than that was never dawned upon the earth. The place selected for the day's sport was Fort Lee. I tell you, sonny, that was a Pic Nic of the right kind. Just imagine twenty-five or thirty couples, full of life and spirits, all intimately acquainted, and most of them bosom friends, going out together to have a day's fun, without fear of being put down as immodest or too forward for saying and doing just what they think will amuse themselves and others most, who lay aside for the while that studied and unnatural you-must-be-careful-how-you-speak-to-me, sir, formality, and determine to enjoy themselves at any rate, and you have the style of party that convened together on that morning in August. The tickets were limited, and fixed at a dollar apiece, admitting a lady and gentleman, and that paid all their necessary expenses, including dinner, during the day. For a whole week previous the girls held a grand convention, and the most skillful of them in cooking were up to their eyes in business. Every article of provender required for the Pic Nic was home-made, and I tell you the result was one of the best and most substantial dinners I ever sat down to. The sprightly and handsome wife of the comical Case had a reputation for making pies, and other good things for the inner-man, and she declared that her efforts on that occasion were crowned with success.

The boys had chartered a boat for the occasion, to be ready at six o'clock in the morning. They were determined to start early, so that not a moment of that precious day might be lost. The whole party were to meet at Case's at five o'clock, where they found that ever hospitable and rollicking soul as bright as a star, standing behind a couple of large decanters filled with the rosy god, and calling upon every one present to walk up and have his eye opened. At half-past five everything was got in tow, and we started for the boat which was waiting at the foot of Spring street to convey us to our destination. The quantity and variety of freight conveyed on board of that steamboat that morning, beat my time. There were large baskets and small baskets, bundles of various shapes and sizes, demijons and jars, mysterious looking packages resembling the shape and size of a quart bottle, musical instruments in green covers, &c., &c. It was lucky for the Rounders that the present chief of the kops was not in authority then, for their valuable freight would, very likely, be seized as contraband. In a few minutes we were steaming up the Hudson River, and then the ball was opened. The fine, healthy, bracing breeze from the river at that early hour in the morning, would stimulate an invalid, and make him enjoy himself. Stationed in one corner of the promenade deck was a cotillion band in operation, to whose lively and stirring music the lovers of the fancy dance were gaily tripping it, while in another corner Jim Dugan, surrounded by the admirers of that style, was playing a straight jig for Jack Crump. Tom Gannon, too, looking so happy that he could scarcely speak, had uncovered his banjo in another corner, and was giving the boys the "Arkansas Traveller," in which walk around some of the girls "took a hand in." That lively and good-natured soul, Maggy McDoual, whom I understand is now a strict church member, and who, at that time, could take the shine out of all your Mary Blakes on the Ethiopian jig, was that day in her wildest merriment and spirits. In this way, and in the occasional visits of the boys to the cabin, where the elixir of life was kept, and moderately indulged in, we reached Fort Lee. After a rather tiresome journey, under heavy loads, against a steep hill and a number of huge rocks, we reached the Palisades. But the beautiful scenery of landscape and water to be witnessed there, made ample amends for the difficulty we had in reaching it. There was the beautiful river as far as the eye could reach, dotted here and there with the little white craft that reposed upon its bosom, the quiet stillness of the surrounding woods, while on the other side the railroad cars, puffing and snorting, swept down at lightning speed. To the true American heart Fort Lee will ever be a memorable and time-honored spot, for it was once sanctified by the presence of the glorious Washington and a band of his faithful army. It was in that vicinity, too, where the rash and ill-fated young Andre met his doom. May his untimely fate be that of all traitors and conspirators who would overthrow the glorious Union for which our forefathers fought and bled.

I have seen all the excursion grounds around the suburbs of New York, but give me the beautiful and romantic Fort Lee; but perhaps I am in favor of that place because I spent the gayest time in it that day I ever had in my life. There was the prettiest lot of girls in that party that you could find in a day's walk. They were none of your stuck-up, highfalutin, mock-modesty, kind, who would'nt say prunes for the world, and who would count you "real mean," if you only made the least freedom, or said a pleasant word; but real lively, hearty, and candid girls that would answer you in the same coin, and who would, if your pantaloons sustained a serious rupture, not only sew it up for you, and "run" you about it, but perhaps, by accident, run the needle in your thigh—before the operation was finished. Every body enjoyed themselves to their heart's content, and to their own liking. Some of the girls were flying as high as kites in scoops, and singing at the top of their voices. Others strolled off into the woods with their lovyers, to gather flowers, and enjoy their love parleys alone and unseen. The ladies committee on the dinner found their pleasure in preparing everything all right for the coming banquet, and the glorious old Rounders were in the committee room of the hotel, telling all sorts of side splitting yarns, and drinking toasts. While there they managed to get up a rowing match, and the result was an exciting and a bully race. The eccentric and witty Tom Cullen was chosen umpire, and taking his stand upon a high ledge of rock, spy-glass in hand, he watched every movement of the contestants, from the start to the close. The winner came in only half a length ahead. Tom, who was an old aquatic sport, praised the spirit and activity of both parties, and opened a bottle of something that tasted as mellow, and went down as smooth as syrup.

At about one o'clock Bill Stitsey got up into the trunk of a tall tree, and with an old cracked fish horn, which he swore was the original horn with which Robin Hood summoned his "merriemen," warned all that the dinner was on the table. You can bet your life the invite was welcomed and appreciated, and that the majority of the crowd were not slow in toeing the mark. For the brisk exercise of the forenoon had given their appetites a sharp edge, and you know how good anything tastes when a fellow is real hungry. The dinner was A 1. There's no rubbing out the fact that it was the best pic nic dinner I ever saw served up. There was everything on the table, and plenty of it. There was nothing Joe Brookes could name in the meat, vegetable, pasty, or fruit line that was'nt on the bill of fare. And then the cooking and getting up, as Billy Birch would say, was "most sublime." The girls who got up that dinner should have husbands worth at least a thousand a year. Tom Glynn who is still as lively and jolly as ever, made a speech, and his ready wit and broad humor continually set the table on a roar. He gave every one around a blast, complimenting and flattering the girls, and caricaturing and running the boys. There was an "irrepressible conflict" of every thing good hearted, devilish, and mischievous in "Poor Tom." Speech followed speech, and toast followed toast, until the bright wine had excited the risibilities of the festive group, and every one was eager for the dance. The floor was quickly cleared, the music struck up, and on went the dance. It would do Pete McHugh good to have been there; for many of those who were tripping it on the light fantastic toe then, were the stars of Parker's Assemblies when he taught the graceful art in the old North American Hotel, years ago, and he recollects how they could do it. Everything went merry as a marriage bell until a slight breeze sprang up which ruffled the fun for a moment. A couple of strangers who had been loitering about the ground for some time, seemed to make up their minds to have part of the fun, and without any ceremony they rung themselves in on the party, and without any leave or introduction were making themselves quite at home. Mike McManns who was one of the floor managers, went up to them, and inquired if they knew any one of the party. They replied with the greatest coolness that they did not, but that they thought they would join in, and have a dance. The handsome Mike informed them that they were a private party, and did not wish the intrusion of outsiders. At this, one of the individuals grew quite indignant, and putting on a very defiant air, said that as they were there they intended to stay, and besides he would like to see the man that could put him off the floor. He had no sooner expressed this desire than Mike, with the quickness of a flash of lightning grabbed him by the coat collar, gave him a hand and foot, and he went down about a half a dozen steps that led to the floor, on the crown of his head. Before he could serve the other fellow in a similar manner, he had vamosed the ranch, and everything went on in the usual way. Four o'clock had now nearly arrived—the time appointed for our departure—the boat making her last down trip for the day, and we left Fort Lee, every one delighted with the sport they had enjoyed, and wishing it might be repeated often. But the merriment of the jovial crowd, was not destined to last, for the boys had to play at a different game from any introduced at Fort Lee, before they reached New York.

Getting every thing all right and safe on board the boat, we were waiting patiently for the start, when we discovered that she was delaying for a target company which was then coming down the road in a lively march. When the gunners gained the promenade deck, we were a little surprised to notice among them the two sports who tried to ring in on our party at the pavilion, and thought they had such a "big thing" on us. They were friends of the "sojers," you know, and had followed them up for the purpose of making their dinner out of them. One of our party detected the "individ" who was forced from the dancing ground point out Mike McManns, and look daggers at him. Some of the target shooters were groggy, and looked ugly enough to want to buy a fight at any cost. It was plain to be seen from their manœuvres that they had the job put up, and that they were bound to get square on us anyhow. The Rounders called a special meeting in the cabin, and talked the matter over. The greater number of the opposing party, and the advantage of those bayonets at their elbows, were carefully considered, but it was determined by a unanimous vote to give them all the fight they wanted, if they insisted on it. A middle aged gentleman, who kept a hotel for some time in this city, and whom the boys venerated not only on account of his grey hairs, but because he was an old and experienced sport proposed a treaty of peace, in order to avoid the danger and confusion which a general fight would cause among the women. To this they agreed, and appointed him to negotiate with the enemy. He went on deck, followed by twenty of the most courageous and determined young fellows that ever clinched a fist—fellows that knew how to fight every way, and who never backed down from any thing when they were imposed upon. Tom Cullen invited the girls down stairs to have some refreshments and the deck was left to the two parties. The old gentleman began to explain things quietly to one of the principal disturbers, but he was so rough and insulting that the polite hotel keeper's blood became fired, and he delivered this speech:—

"Why, you dirty, mean hounds, you needn't think that we're afraid of you. If you want fight so bad, you can have all you want of it. But the first man of you that raises his hand on this deck will go over the side of the boat."

At this threat being uttered, a fellow rushed at the speaker, and struck him. The old man sprang upon his assailant like a maddened tiger, seized him by the throat, gave him a quick and stunning blow on the ear, and flung him headforemost into the river. Then the fight commenced in real earnest, and for about seven minutes it was one of the ugliest fights I ever saw, and I have seen a few interesting ones. When I told Yankee Sullivan about it, afterwards, his eyebrows fell lower than ever, and he looked as if something heavy and sharp was about striking him on the head. The Rounders kept together in a body, and fought like Trojans. They used every weapon that came in their way. Three-legged stools, tumblers, decanters, one or two heavy axes belonging to the boat, and a few bayonets wrung from the hands of the opposing party were put into active play, and in seven minutes they cleared the target shooters from the deck. They sought refuge in every hole and corner they could put their heads into. But they fought well and manfully.

I'll bet a big apple with any sport that may read this sketch, that there was as dusty a time on that steamboat coming down the North River as he saw many times in his life. When the excitement commenced, the boat was stopped, but the captain and his crew were afraid to interfere, and so they were left to fight it out. One of the deck hands saved the fellow that was thrown overboard from drowning, and the fight was all knocked out of him. Some of the girls were shrieking frantically, while others had fainted away. Here and there might be seen a fellow with cross belts and cartridge-box on, with a deep gash in his head, or a bad wound of some description. I heard afterwards that some of them never got over their injuries. The victorious party came off lucky, there being only two or three of them wounded, the most serious being a bayonet stab in the back. They were not as lucky as the Sesesbers, though, who stood a cannonading of thirty hours from Major Anderson, without anybody being hurt. There were a couple of "beats" in our crowd who always made the greatest pretentions to courage, but when they were called to the scratch, they went back on us, and hid themselves in the water closets. They never got over it though, for they were shaken off by every one who knew them, and despised for their mean cowardice.

Peace being once more proclaimed, the engine was put in motion, and we started once more for home. We concluded that it was best to let the girls take care of the traps, and as soon as the boat struck the dock to get away as quick as possible, as there might be some policemen there who would ask too many queer questions. We refreshed ourselves freely at the expense of our generous host, the hotel keeper; and after congratulating ourselves upon our glorious victory and safety, we concluded to make some recompense for the sad disappointment the girls met with on the trip down. Everybody recovered their usual good feeling, we made a subscription, went over to Weehawken, took possession of Dave Pollock's ball room, and

"Danced all night till broad daylight,
And went home with the girls in the morning."

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

Dick Acton—His Second Battle with Kendrick, the Black.

Under the tuition of the scientific Bill Eales, the above boxer was introduced to the P. R. Acton had been defeated by Kendrick, a man of color, in December, 1821; but his friends were anxious to give him an opportunity of recovering his lost laurels, and he was matched for £25 a side. On Tuesday, March 8, 1822, the sets-out were numerous, from the Corinthian to the Costermonger. Arlington Corner, on Hounslow Heath, was the rallying point, but an ill-natured beak spoiled it; he would not be stalled off, all the gammon would not do; and in his wrath, he declared he would stop the battle, should the Fancy even proceed to Hayes Common. In consequence of this determination, the Amateurs were at fault for a short time, when the delightful plain of Mousey Hurst (so pleasing to the listeners of the milling coves) was proposed, by way of trying it on, as a likely spot in being taken by surprise; but "if it won't fit," said Bill Gibbons, (in the absence of the Commander-in-Chief,) "ye must push forward to Wimbledon Common, where we shall have the double advantage of being nearer home." The stakes were immediately pulled up, and the office was given for a start. "It's all right," was the cry; "here's the men coming. Look, there's the Black in that swell rattler, and just behind him is Bill Eales and Acton." This was quite enough, and the whole of the Fancy were, in a twinkling, in rapid motion. The delightful day—the immense string of carriages—an unusual number of horsemen—lots and lots of toddlers, puffing and blowing, with mugs as red as paint, endeavoring to keep up with the better breeched coves, who were laughing in their natty gigs, and pushing along their fast tits—the surprise manifested by the groups of chawbacons, peeping out of their little huts at the motley cavalcade, as they galloped through the village—the anxiety upon every brow to be up in time to witness the mill—formed altogether an interesting picture: indeed, the march was so rapid, that it was not unlike the evacuation of a town, and the inhabitants pursued by the enemy. The town of Hampton was, after a pleasing ride, taken by surprise, and the White Hart, the Bell, and Bob Lawrence's, were filled almost before the cause could be explained. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," and the Bonifaces received their old acquaintances with a smile, and were also a few pounds the better in pocket by their visitors. No set of men in England spend their blunt more (nay, if half so) liberally than those persons composing the Sporting World. The watermen were likewise on the grin at this unexpected turn up of good luck, and pocketed the pence with much glee, in ferrying over the Fancy to the Hurst. The ring was soon made, and at 3 o'clock Acton threw up his hat, followed by Eales and Spring, as his seconds; and Kendrick immediately afterwards repeated this token of defiance, attended by Randall and Josh. Hudson. 2 to 1 on the Black.

Round 1. On stripping, the condition of Kendrick appeared good; in fact he was never in half such good trim upon any former occasion, and his arms looked tremendous. Acton had also been well trained under the superintendence of Eales. Kendrick soon went to work, but Acton returned; the latter missed a fine right-handed hit. The Black put in one or two good ones, and Acton went down on his knees. Kendrick hit his opponent on the back, but he could not avoid it, as he was in the act of giving. It was not an intentional foul hit, but the cries were, "Foul, foul," "Fair," &c.

2 Kendrick planted two nobbers cleverly; Acton returned, but he was sent down. Four to one on the Black.

3. The Black had decidedly the best of this round. He planted three facers without any return; the nose of Acton was clareted, but the latter showed some good fighting, and the round was not finished without Massa finding out that he had a good man opposed to him. Both down, but Kendrick uppermost.

4. The Black got away; but in closing, both down.

5. Acton stopped some tremendous blows, and Kendrick also got away from some sharp body hits. Massa napped a wisty-caster on the right side of his eye, that not only produced the winking system, but the pink followed. In a struggle for the throw, the Black was undermost, when the tulips from the west end shouted, like Stentors, "Acton forever!"

6 to 11. In all these rounds the Black was thought to be winning it; but, in the last round, he hit Acton down, when Josh. Hudson roared out, "That's won it; he's got groggy with black strap." Ten to one was offered.

12 to 18. In all these rounds the advantages were on the side of the Black.

19 An unexpected change took place, and the science of Acton enabled him to take the lead so decidedly, that the Black was punished all over the ring; his nob was in Chancery, and he was beat to a complete stand still; also in such a state of stupor, that he did not know whether he was in or out of the ring, and the round was finished by Massa being floored. [The applause in favor of Acton was loud in the extreme, and the lads were chevying, "The Black don't like white wine."]

20 to 22. Acton kept the lead in all these rounds, and the Black was so much distressed that he could scarcely keep his legs.

23 Kendrick recovered a little, and got Acton down. Two to one on the Black.

24 to 27. The Black was still the favorite, but he was undermost in the last round.

28. Acton now tried for the body of the Black, and was successful in planting three tremendous hits, that made Massa screw up his box of ivories, and cry out "Oh!" He, however, gave Acton a severe fall, and dropped upon him.

29 Acton now went right up to the nob of the Black, and put him so completely in Chancery, that he was quite abroad; he also received severe body punishment, and was completely at the service of his opponent, till he went down like a sack of sand. 3 to 1 on Acton.

30. The fight was all out of Kendrick. He was a baby to his opponent, and sent down in a twinkling. A sovereign to half a crown, and no takers.

31. The Black was brought to the scratch; but he fell down quite exhausted, on receiving a slight touch. It was now the Adelphi Theatre to a halfpenny show, and not the shadow of a chance.

32d, and last. The Black was put on his legs, but he was immediately sent down; and he laid several minutes before he could be removed. It was over in thirty-five minutes. Acton jumped up for joy, and left the ring in gay style.

OBSERVATIONS.—The knowing ones were again floored. It was, however, a good fight, and both of the combatants proved themselves men of courage. Acton is by far the best fighter, and some of his stops reminded the Amateurs of the excellence of his master, Eales.

LUMBER SLEDS WITH SAILS.—The frequent high winds of March caused the teamsters of Waldo County, Maine, to add sails to their team sleds, and, in some cases, horses were seen making double quick time under the influence of a square sail which had been rigged upon the sleds—a decidedly novel method of sleighing.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memoranda, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m*
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41
Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20 9m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33 6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m*

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

DAN BRYANT,	NEIL BRYANT,	AYNSLEY COOK,
P. B. ISAACS,	N. W. GOULD,	J. H. SIVORI,
W. L. HOBBS,	G. D. CONNORS,	G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. ADAMS,	J. H. HILTON,	OLD DAN EMMETT,
T. J. PELL,	T. NORTON,	

And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Darroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE,
(Late Ordway Hall,)
BOSTON,
OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
For the representation of
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY
In all its Departments, by the world renowned and only
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
THE ESTABLISHED FAVORITES,
Consisting of the following first class Talent.

E. BOWERS,	FRED HESS,	
A. A. THAYER,	J. S. GILBERT,	
R. SANDS,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,	
E. W. PRESCOTT,	MAST. GETTINGS,	
R. M. CARROLL,	J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	
CARL TROUTMAN,	JOHNNY PELL,	
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	BILLY MORRIS,	
J. P. ENDRES,	LON MORRIS.	

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
1 LON MORRIS, Manager.

UNSWORTH'S MINSTRELS.
UNSWORTH, EUGENE & DONNIKER, Proprietors.

These talented and world renowned performers have formed a co-partnership, and respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they will appear in all the principal cities of the United States and the Canadas, during the ensuing season. The organization consists of the following brilliant

GALAXY OF STAR PERFORMERS, viz:

JAMES UNSWORTH,	EUGENE,	
J. B. DONNIKER,	C. O'NEIL,	
T. HAYES,	J. STRATTON,	
CHAS. MELVILLE,	R. BURNS,	
J. OBERIST,	P. O. JONES,	
H. LUCKER,	W. LUCKER,	
J. LUCKER,	A. JOHNSON,	
E. TRIGG,	J. HILLIARD,	
MAST. GUS. HOWARD,	R. PERRY.	

2 tf LOUIS A. ZWISLER, Business Manager.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.
R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.

N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY ☜

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

R. M. HOOLEY,	S. C. CAMPBELL,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	BEN COTTON,
JOHNNY DULEY,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
G. W. CHARLES,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	R. RUIGK,
J. H. SCHMITZ,	CHARLES WERNIG,

W. H. SIMMONS.

For particulars see Programmes and Posters.
1 J. C. FABB, Agent.

WILSON & MORRIS' MINSTRELS.
WILSON, MORRIS & BROCKWAY.....Proprietors.

A CARD.—The management would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they will positively sail for California in September of this year, and desire that any and all claims against said management be forwarded to Cleveland, Ohio, before the first of June.

FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
CHARLEY BACKUS,

GEO. W. SHEPARD,	ALBERT JONES,
C. BOSWALD,	L. WHITE,
M. T. SKIFF,	F. M WHORTER,
CHARLEY BOYCE,	J. KENNEDA,
J. L. BURTON,	F. CORDUKES,
GEO. FIELD,	W. H. BROCKWAY,
FRED. WILSON, and	CHAS. A. MORRIS,

See new posters, new programmes, and new entertainment.
1 tf CHAS. A. MORRIS, Business Agent.

MRS. MATT. PELL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Comprising
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.
"*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*"
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
35-tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS.
Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:—

JOHNNY BOOKER,	HARRY EVARTS,	
DICK SLITER,	S. S. PURDY,	
ROBT. LANE,	THOS. JEFFERSON,	
G. L. HALL,	G. H. WARRE,	
A. C. STONE,	HERR HECK,	

Whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions through-out the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent. 38-tf

---

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
SYLVESTER BLEECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
51-tf SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,

THEATRICAL.—Actors and actresses of recognized ability, and an attractive dark use (capable of enacting small parts), wishing an engagement to travel through the towns of the West, will address the undersigned without delay, stating capabilities and the lowest salary, enclosing a stamp for reply. Engagement to commence on or about 27th April. SILAS T. HILL, Manager,
61-4t* Memphis Post Office, Memphis, Tenn.

ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.—The Dramatic Season of this establishment having closed, the St. Louis Opera House, the largest, most elegant and most comfortable Theatre in St. Louis, (the great Metropolis of the West,) will be for rent for Opera, Concerts, Drama, Lectures, &c., at very fair conditions. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY BOERNSTEIN, Publisher, Anzeiger des Westerns, and Lessee of St. Louis Opera House.
St. Louis, (Mo.,) Feb. 18, 1861. 46 3m

DETROIT THEATRE.—Wanted, for the above establishment, an Old Man and Old Woman, and a Juvenile Man.
52 3.* E. T. SHERLOCK, Manager.

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.

ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
B. L. PACKARD.....Treasurer
J. L. DAVIS.....Stage Manager

We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 2-tf

---

444 AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. 444
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. 444
GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.

Eclipsing the largest Theatres in the production of novelties. Giving a continued performance of four and a half hours duration, each and every act independent of the rest, embracing
THE GEMS OF THE OPERA,
THE GRACES OF THE BALLET,
THE BEAUTIES OF THE TABLEAU,
THE HUMORS OF THE PANTOMIME,
THE WONDERS OF THE GYMNASE.
AND THE FOLLIES OF THE BURLESQUE,
Interspersed with Comic and Sentimental Singing, Ethiopian Extravaganzas, Fancy and Comic Dances, Duetts, Banjo Solos and Quartettes, Negro Eccentricities, Vaudevilles, Refrains, Interludes, Comicalities, &c., &c.
THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY
EVER CONCENTRATED
IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
Hail Columbia, Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle,
Every Evening.
Together with the other National Patriotic Airs of America, executed by Prof. FRED VON OLKER, and the Orchestra.
Parquette, 25 Cents. Gallery, 10 Cents.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
3 tf MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
NIBLO'S SALOON.
NIBLO'S SALOON.
THE BEST BAND IN THE WORLD.
THE BEST BAND IN THE WORLD.
Monday, April 29, and every night during the week,
INCREASED ATTRACTION. NEW FEATURES.
First appearance here of
MR. HENRY PERCY,
MR. HENRY PERCY,
The popular Tenor.
FRED WILSON,
FRED WILSON,
The Champion Clog Dancer.
Wambold, Bidaux, Birch, Fox, Allen, Cool White, and all
The Stars in a New Programme.
NEW PROGRAMME
Doors open at 7; commence at 8. Tickets 25 cents. 1-tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Stage Manager..MR. J. DOWLING. | Treasurer.....MR. HAND.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3-tf

MRS. MAGUIRE, of the San Francisco Opera House, is now in this city, for the purpose of engaging talent for the next season. First class Stars, and others of undoubted reputation in the profession, will be treated with on addressing Mrs. MAGUIRE, care of NEW YORK CLIPPER. 3-tf

---

TO MANAGERS.
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
THE SENSATION ACTRESS,
Having just completed the most brilliant engagements at Milwaukee, Detroit, Albany, and at McVicker's, in Chicago, will remain in New York during this week, for the purpose of transacting professional business. Managers desirous of negotiating for weeks, can obtain her address at this office. 3-1t*

MR. LONG, formerly of Long & Cardella's steamer Banjo Minstrels, is inquired for by his brother, J. H. Long, of Danville, Ill.
3 1t

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
This Ever Popular and Talented Troupe, the most carefully selected Company of
ETHIOPIANS, MUSICIANS, AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced, whose musical talents and true representations of Negro Life has made them the theme and admiration of the entire American Continent, and throughout the Island of Cuba.

LIST OF ARTISTS FOR 1861.

H. S. RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
HARRY LEHR,	WM. BLAKENY,
W. T. EMERSON,	J. H. KELLOGG,
M. LEWIS,	S. MANNING,
J. W. ADAMS,	RUDOLPH HALL,
LITTLE BOBBY,	WALLIS REEVES,
J. BURNGESS,	C. ELMORE,

B. BRAHAM.

Each selected for their individual excellence and unequalled talent.
2-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

O. P. P.
MR. G. H. GRIFFITHS,
The Original
PHUNNY PHELLOW,
And the
GREATEST FALSTAFF OF THE AGE,
Is open to engagements of one or two weeks. Address
1 2t* G. H. GRIFFITHS, Lockport, N. Y.

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrels and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 28th day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 28th day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address
2 4t J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

TO MANAGERS.
ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
THE GREAT SENSATION ACTRESS,
Is playing a most brilliant engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The Press of that city pronounces her the most charming actress of the age. Among her renowned specialities are
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,
THE FRENCH SPY,
JENNIE DIVER,
FEMALE BUCCANEER,
THREE FAST WOMEN,
COURT OF GARIBALDI,
DICK THE NEWSBOY,
SMIKE,
WIZARD SKIFF,
FEMALE GAMBLER, &c., &c.
Combined with popular and original farces.
Letters to Miss MENKEN will be forwarded from this office. 2-tf

---

MR. CHARLES BACKUS.—You are required in Washington, D. C., on business of importance. J. H. B.

NOTICE TO THE MINSTREL PROFESSION.—I have on hand a few bound volumes of BRYANTS' PROGRAMME AND SONG BOOK for 1859 and 1860; also one hundred volumes for 1860 and 1861. These volumes contain all the words of the songs sung by Bryants' Minstrels, with the entire programme complete, for one year. They are substantially bound. Will send to any part of the United States the two volumes complete, on the receipt of $5, postage prepaid, or single volumes $3. Address D. C. WINANS,
52 Bryants' Minstrels, 472 Broadway, N. Y.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS
IN THE WORLD.
GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES.
Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.
The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:—

W. PEAK, Sr.,	LISETTE M. PEAK,
MRS. W. PEAK,	ANNIE PEAK,
WM. H. PEAK,	MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
MRS. WM. H. PEAK,	MASTER FRANK PEAK,
LEWIS M. PEAK.	

They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,
Imported expressly for this Company, and the only sett of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the United States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.
W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 43 eow

GO SEE THE GREAT BANJO AND JIG DANCING CONTEST, on Tuesday evening, May 7th, 1861, at the Bleecker Building, corner of Bleecker and Morton streets, N. Y., when the best banjoist will be presented with a splendid banjo, now on exhibition at Lauter's music store, 193 Grand street. Persons wishing to compete for the prizes will please send their names to J. BOGAN, 171 East 12th st., N. Y. Full particulars in next week's CLIPPER. Banjo and Jig Dancing taught; apply as above. BOGAN'S renowned Banjos always on hand. 2-1t*

NOTICE TO THE LOVERS OF BANJO AND JIG DANCING.—Look out for the Great Banjo and Jig Dancing Contest, for the Championship, to come off on Tuesday evening, May 7th, 1861, at the Bleecker Building, corner of Bleecker and Morton streets; on which occasion the best Banjoist will be presented with a splendid Banjo of Bogan's manufacture, and the best Jig Dancer with a solid Silver Cup. This is a chance for our king and lion banjoists to show whether they are deserving of the title or not. There is no chance to back out. Nearly all the first class banjoists and dancers have sent in their names to compete for the prizes. Persons wishing to contend can send their names to J. BOGAN, 171 East 12th st., N. Y. The Prize Banjo can be seen at Lanten's music store, 193 Grand street. The celebrated Metropolitan Opera Troupe have been engaged for this occasion. For particulars see bills of the day. Tickets 25 cents. For sale at the music store, and at 171 East 12th street. Performance to commence at 8 P. M. 3 1t*

RETURN FROM THE EAST.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
At Bangor, May 24, 31, and 4th; Portland, 6th; Portsmouth, 7th; Manchester, 8th; Nashua, 9th; Fitchburg, 10th and 11th; Worcester, 13th; Providence, 14th and 15th; New London, 16th; Norwich, 17th; Willimantic, 18th; Hartford, 20th; Middletown, 21st and 22d; Meriden, 23d; Waterbury, 24th; Binghampton, 25th; Bridgeport, 27th.
ENTIRE NEW PROGRAMME,
Illustrated and embellished by the Champions of Minstrelsy.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager.
WM. H. DAVIS, Agent. 3-3t

CONCERT ROOM AGENCY.—Managers wishing to engage the very popular troupe of Gymnasts, Tumblers and Acrobats, James Hankins, Lou's Burdeau, H. A. Kincade, and Joseph Burdeau, for weeks during the summer, address J. CONNER, Agent, 89 W. Houston street. All letters must contain a red and blue stamp to secure a reply. N. B.—Performers of all kinds wanted immediately. 1t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING taught by JOHN BOGAN, 171 East 12th st., at 50 cents per lesson, or 13 for $5. Give him a call. On receipt of $1 I will send three written lessons on Jig Dancing. 1t*

CONCERT AGENCY.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged by Hough & Co., will please assemble at 89 West Houston street, Saturday, April 27th, preparatory to starting on Monday. ☞ A company wanted for St. Louis. One or two danseuses for city engagements. Apply as above, to J. CONNER, Agent. 2 1t*

☞ We have letters for Adah Isaacs Menken; Miss Emily Sheffield, Zouave Opera Company; Mr. C. Lavalle; Frank Wyant, (California letter); Charles Plumber, banjoist; John W. Beyer.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, April 29.

The week past has been one of the gloomiest ever experienced in this city. Scarcely a single place of amusement in this city reached a figure much above expenses. Everything has been turned topsy turvy by the war, and the "play folk" are in a sad quandary; many of the profession preferring to serve their country in the ranks of the United States, rather than risk the chance of an engagement by remaining in the city. Already quite a number of actors have left for the seat of war, and others will soon follow. Two of our principal Broadway theatres are to be closed this week, owing solely to the lack of patronage. Even the patriotic dodge now fails to draw, except in the army for the preservation of the Union. The times are sore, indeed, with no present probabilities of a change for the better. Those parties who have been so zealously striving to secure theatres for a summer season, would be glad to take the back track, we have no doubt, were it not that the papers have been signed, sealed, and delivered.

Edwin Booth closed his performances at the Winter Garden, on the 27th. The business throughout the entire engagement has been bad, and "no effects" will probably be all that either manager or actor will get by the engagement. Mr. Booth came among us in the very worst time, when our citizens were excited by the war panic, and when nothing else was thought of but "volunteers," and the defence of the country. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and Mrs. John Wood, who commence at the Winter Garden this evening, will give us a change from grave to gay, from tragedy to comedy; but the chances are all against them. Would we could think otherwise for the Jeffersonian dispensation.

Miss Ada Clifton had Laura Keene up in the Superior Court, on the 25th, to compel the fair lessee to "pay up" according to law. Theodore Ritter appeared as the assignee of Miss Clifton, and sued to recover the sum of $660, under a contract in writing between her and Laura Keene, by which contract Miss Clifton was to perform all parts secondary to Miss Keene in all plays produced at defendant's theatre during the theatrical season of 1859 and 1860. Miss Clifton entered upon the contract, and acted in defendant's theatre until the time she was cast for Helena in Shakspeare's play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in the fall of 1859. Miss Keene cast herself in the part of Puck. Miss Clifton refused to accept the part assigned her, and claimed by the terms of her contract that she should have the part of Oberon. Not receiving the part she claimed, she declined acting as Helena, and Miss De Sand was substituted in her place, Miss Clifton alleging that Helena was the part of a walking lady. Edmon Blankman and J. Kennedy Furlong, counsel for the Plaintiff, showed by the testimony of the assignee, Miss Clifton, Madame Ponisi, and Mr. Wm. Davidge, that the part of Helena was not a second-rate character; but on the contrary, that was a part played by the walking lady or singing chambermaid. Mr. Davidge, an old and experienced actor, and Madame Ponisi, who has played since 1837, both gave this as their positive opinion, and that Oberon, the first lady part, having been waived by defendant, and Puck accepted by her, the part of Oberon then by right fell to the lady who was to play second to her, Miss Clifton. On the 26th the case was resumed, and Messrs. Booth and Burns, for the defence, showed by the testimony of the defendant, Miss Laura Keene, Miss Lottie Hough, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Baker, Miss Sarah Stevens, and others, that the part of Helena was not a third-rate part, but had been performed by leading ladies at other places. For the Plaintiff, Francis I. Ottarson testified that the part of Helena, as performed at defendant's, had been cut down or curtailed by her until much of its former attractions were lost. The trial of the cause occupied all day, and after the speeches of counsel and charges of the Judge, the case was given to the Jury, who remained out all night, and came into Court in the morning unable to agree, and were discharged. It is understood the Jury were eleven for plaintiff and one for defendant. The case will have to be tried over. In our opinion, Miss Clifton was certainly entitled to the part of Oberon according to a strict construction of the articles of agreement.

Mr. E. Eddy and Mr. Joseph Jefferson returned to New York from the South last week. They managed to get away from Baltimore and Washington where they had been playing in good condition, but somewhat scared.

Forrest had such a bad week of it at Niblo's, that he determined to bring his performances to a somewhat abrupt conclusion. The receipts were far below a paying point on any night. The circus, on the off nights, also cut a very low figure. This evening, April 29th, is set apart for the benefit of the Empire City Volunteer Relief Fund, it being the last night of the season, and the last appearance, for the present, of Mr. Forrest. The play is Damon, and the *entire receipts* are to be given to the fund.

Minstrelsy fared no better than theatricals last week. Lloyd's party, on one or two occasions, had a better attendance than their theatrical neighbors in Niblo's Theatre, but still the receipts were not up to a living standard for the manager. Mr. Lloyd, however, "faces the danger" in a bold manner, and instead of lessening his company, has actually added two prominent names thereto, viz:—Mr. Percey, late of Bryant's, and Mr. Fred. Wilson, clog dancer, late of Morris & Wilson's company, who, we learn, have dissolved. Bryant's have sustained a considerable falling off in patronage; not, be it said, however, for want of a good entertainment, but owing, in a great measure, to the war. Eph Horn is no longer with the troupe, Dan Bryant having resumed his place at the end, and Tim Norton takes Jerry's place at the other end. When such men as Forrest quail before the blast, minstrelsy must not expect to pass unscathed.

Laura Keene, in spite of the times, did a fair business during the week, and, we have reason to believe, is the only theatre that made money. The houses were good, but on no occasion full; still, on the whole, the receipts overbalanced the expenditures. This, Monday evening, the *total receipts* are to be appropriated for the benefit of the families of the New York volunteers. It would have been better, perhaps, had some other night been selected, for a similar benefit takes place at Niblo's the same evening. Miss Keene has presented to Col. Ellsworth's fire brigade, a beautiful silk flag. The other ladies of the establishment contributed in various ways to make the flag a worthy specimen of their handiwork. The secession sentiment has been almost entirely squashed out of the Seven Sisters. Better late than never.

G. L. Fox, who is attached to the Eighth Regiment, made his last appearance at the New Bowery, on the 22d, before a crowded house. When he made his appearance in the first piece, he was received with a storm of applause which lasted several minutes. At the conclusion of the drama, the curtain was again raised, discovering the entire company, including Messrs. Fox and Lingard, the managers. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sang, and then the scene changed, revealing a beautiful view of Fort Sumter, with the American flag proudly floating from its summit. Interchanges of good feeling then followed, Mr. Fox receiving the wishes of his company for a safe return to the field of his labors. Mr. Fox, though almost too full for utterance, sang a verse of Yankee Doodle, and then the company very appropriately, sang "Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot." The house rose, and at the conclusion of the chorus, the applause was almost deafening; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men cheered, and the boys, the immaculate gods, gave evidence of their feelings in cat calls, whistles, and various other outlandish demonstrations peculiar to the east side *habitues*. Subsequently, Mr. Fox appeared before the curtain, in answer to the call of his friends, and made a speech full of love for his country, and gratitude to his many friends. The occasion was one that will not soon be forgotten. Business here, like that of every other place, is slack. It may be that the star system will be adopted during Mr. Fox's absence.

Wallack will close his season on Tuesday evening, April 30th, the occasion being for the benefit of Mr. Lester. Mr. J. W. Wallack, the lessee, is announced to make his first appearance in two years, and address the audience on the occasion of the close of his management of the present Wallack's Theatre. The bill will consist of Boucicault's "Love and Money," and the last act of "Jessie Brown," showing the attack on the rebels, and the relief of the Redan Fort; to add to the effect of which, the pipers of the 79th (Highland) Regiment will appear.

Barnum is doing his best to keep his end up, but it is very doubtful how he will succeed. The great showman has secured, we presume at considerable expense, an old flag, which he advertises as "the old Washington flag, raised on the Battery by order of General Washington, at the evacuation by the British troops, on the 25th of November, 1783." This flag may be the identical one described, but the statement, as the newspapers say, "needs confirmation."

We hear that Harry Pearson is about to leave for Washington, to take part in an engagement along with the 79th Highlanders.

A Century Plant, or American Aloe, which blooms once in one hundred years, is now in possession of David Bidwell, of the Academy of Music, New Orleans, and was to have been shipped for this city on the 25th April, to be exhibited, if not sold. "This floral wonder has already attained a height of twenty feet in its blossoming spire, and will before it blooms, in July or August, reach the altitude of thirty-five or forty feet. Grown in the open air, transplanted thirty years ago, by a gentleman florist of Louisiana, whose family knew the plant forty-five years before its transplantation, it has achieved a wonderful size, health and vigor. Its daily rapid growth, and interesting diurnal changes of appearance, are a matter of the deepest study to the botanist. The interest it has already excited in New Orleans is said to be great, although in some degree melancholy, as this greatest of all floral plants only blooms to die. It is placed in a reservoir 8 feet in diameter, and is progressing in height from three to six inches per day. It remains in flower from three to four months. It will be accompanied by smaller specimens, ranging in age from fifteen to fifty years." So says the present owner.

Last Saturday evening, we distributed our *corps* of reporters in the various places of amusement, to take note of what was going on, and how each and every place stood the direful effects of the war. Stagnation reigns supreme, and very little business is doing. A truthful report of the condition of things at our concert saloons, will be found duly recorded below. But one or two of them are making anything just now; whereas, before the attack on Sumter, all were doing well.

Volk's Garden, in the Bowery above Bayard street, which was formerly liberally patronised, is now doing almost nothing. On Saturday evening—generally a good night for concert saloons—the gallery was thinly occupied; parquet, about just so; and private boxes, showing here and there a head, like "Angels visits, few and far between." A benefit, on Tuesday evening next, is announced for Mr. Nicholls and son. Great attractions are held out for the occasion. Miss Nicholls, and Master Alexander Nicholls, the Pocket Clown, and a "host of talented volunteers will assist;" also, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis will appear in the "Black Statue." But what can a host of, even talented volunteers, do to command a full house, when so many hosts of valiant volunteers have gone to the wars, and so decimated the ranks of our fun-loving citizens?

The Melodeon, next under review, looks sombre and dull. Notwithstanding it is called, or rather, calls itself, the Model Concert Hall of America—the cheapest place of amusement in the world, with new attractions every night—it is at the present time comparatively deserted! Waiter girls, sporting rosettes—patriotic ones of course—on their undulating bosoms, have little else to do but skip along past empty seats, with empty glasses on their tiny trays! The ticket vender wears the scowl of discontent, and the performers, themselves, seem to feel overpressed with the power of war's dread notes, and the battle-cry, as thrice repeated on their printed programme—"To Arms! To Arms! To Arms!"

444 Broadway continues to do well. The great thoroughfare, Broadway, has lost much of its proud prestige; its late theatrical glory is rapidly departing—every leg on of bright bayonets which pass down Broadway, leaves the number less of those who loved to wile away an evening in the midst of fun and jollity. Perhaps, those three fours, which gas jets so brilliantly display, may be called a happy exception. Even now, in the almost universal dearth of theatrical existence, 444 is filled nightly. The galleries are literally crowded—the parquet, conveniently full—the private boxes, very handsomely engaged. There must be some wonderful fascination in this! Miss Emily Lemaire "trips the light fantastic toe" in the most approved style—she is not ashamed to show her leg, nor need she be, for Burns' "Bonnie Jean" could hardly show a better leg—"So tight, so taper and so clean, none else came near it." Miss Jennie Engel sings like an angel; but, she must not be thought a "fallen angel"—for, like the lark, she soars upward. The Chief Butler of this right merry troupe, is fit to take his place among kings! Then, there are those lovely "waiter girls." So sure as Eve tempted Adam to *eat*, just so sure Butler's girls will tempt you to *drink*; and, if you pray before you go, as you ought to, don't forget to say—"Deliver me out of temptation!"

Canterbury Music Hall, late French Theatre, experiences the same blighting influence which, pall-like, overshadows all exertions to draw good houses. Everything that is requisite is here to captivate, and coax 25 cents admission; but it's no go. The girls hang carelessly round empty seats, or watch anxiously for an "order," or beat time to the orchestral tunes with their Cinderella toes, or gaze languidly at the tumblers, not glass ones, but real flesh and blood tumblers, arrayed *a-la-mode* clown costume; sometimes opening their pretty eye-lids a little wider when Nellie Howard and Mr. Neil dance the Irish jig; or Miss Lizzie and Kate Francis, the Scotch reel; or Mr. Ross strikes up the new banjo solo. Like an evacuated city, the Music Hall gives forth sounds without ears to hear them, and exhibits sights, *sans* eyes to see them. At least one-half of the seats were unoccupied on Saturday night. Alas! what a fall is here.

Gaities, 616 Broadway, are Gaities but in name, just now. The attendance nightly is very slim. One would think that "the latest dispatches from the South announced nightly from the stage" would insure a host of eager listeners; but people will not wait to *hear*—they will *read*. The "pretty waiter girls," too, fail to charm—the hot blood of our youth is higher up. They must wait until the "soger boys" return from the wars. Conner's comic singing, Annie Carlton's Irish jilt-dance, and Sallie Mason's ballads, and "spirit manifestations;" and "side-splitting afterpieces," fall upon the ear and eye as ineffectual as the pointless arrow against the steel-clad hero on the battle-field. War sways the hearts of the people—so, Gaieties can be no longer *gay!*

The Pantheon, Broadway, holding about 400 persons, is doing well. Mr. Sam. Cowell gives his Drawing Room Concerts at the Boudoir Pantheon, 659 Broadway, nightly. Sam is reckoned far above par as a musical comedian and comic vocalist, and his celebrity may help him exceedingly. His concerts are patronised by many of the *elite* of the city. Sam is extremely genteel in dress and manner; his voice is clear and powerful, but his attitude, we think, is rather out of tune. He leans forward, and holds his hands in such a manner across his abdomen as though in pain thereabouts. There are no "Waiter Girls" within the magic circle of Mr. Cowell's sphere of action. A lady in white, however, assists in the vocal performances of the evening; while the great "buffo singer" withdraws behind the crimson curtain to replenish his exhausted lungs. We cannot express very high commendation of the lady's lung-harp. Although it may be as much for lack of a musical ear, as in the warbler. This rather select audience may afford Mr. Cowell the best quality of butter for his bread for some time yet, as very few of the fashionables will "face the music" to Washington. The "bone and muscle" boys go to fight their country's battle, and others stay at home to witness pantomimic battles, and list to Drawing Room Concerts. As it is, Sam's field is full of clover, red and white—but the "red, white and blue" is preferable.

Old comedies have been the order of the night at Wallack's, since our last. "The School for Scandal" was the selection for Saturday, 27th ult., with Blake, Lester, Reynolds, Norton, and Walcot in the principal male characters, and the Mrs. Hoey, Vernon, Walcot and Reeves in the female. Notwithstanding the attractive character of the piece, the house was but about one-third full, and fully furnishes an excuse for the announcement, "Last three nights of the season, and *last season* of Mr. Wallack's personal management." Love and Money is on the bills for this evening, (Monday) and on Tuesday Lester Wallack presents himself to the tender mercies of a bounteous public for a benefit, when Jessie Brown will be done brown in a satisfactory manner, and then down goes the baize; and the *corps*, male and female, will be at liberty to volunteer on the stage of Uncle Sam, when it is to be hoped the last entertainment under the American eagle may be summed up as follows: "She stoops to conquer."

Owing to the "outside excitement," added to the absence of G. L. Fox, who has gone to seek glory "at the cannon's mouth," the business of the New Bowery, the past week, was below its usual standard, notwithstanding every exertion in the way of putting forth fresh novelties in succession, is made by the manager, to meet the "exigencies of the times," and create a dramatic *furore* among the East-siders. Saturday evening last, the house showed a "broken front." "The Stars and Stripes," a new drama by Chas. Gaylor, will be produced this evening, with other attractions which cannot fail to draw. Billy Tryon, the Treasurer, will try on a benefit on Friday evening, 3d inst. On Tuesday a performance will be given in aid of the families of Volunteers.

Miss Dora Dawron, the double-voiced singer, sailed for London on the 27th, to fulfil an engagement at the Hay Market Theatre.

At Niblo's, on the 27th inst., the bills announced a benefit to James M. Nixon, lessee and manager. We are sorry to say that the benefit was only on the bills, notwithstanding "forty celebrated artistes" volunteered for the occasion, including a troupe of gymnasts and acrobats, of more than medium excellence. The house was not one quarter full. The performance went off well and with spirit, various patriotic songs and allusions being warmly applauded.

Wood's Minstrels, under Sylvester Bleecker's management, arrived in New York on the 24th ult., and intend making a stay of some three or four weeks to wood up. They came *via* Harrisburg and Reading from St. Louis, but in the two former places, so their agent, Mr. J. F. Birch, informs us, owing to the military fever, but little was done.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

All over the country, business is more or less injured by the war excitement. In the South, all places of amusement suffer terribly. In some places, every hall and theatre is closed, and in those cities where amusements are continued, the patronage they receive is very meagre. Charleston is a dead cock in the theatrical pit; Mobile no better; New Orleans is trying to keep a stiff upper lip, but it is a sad case, and the end is fast approaching; Richmond, Va., we hear, has gone up: Montgomery, Ala., company dissolved, and several of the members arrived here last week. Baltimore was ruined by the attack made upon Northern troops, and its halls of amusement can scarcely recover from the effects of the blow. Everywhere in the South we hear sad accounts of the theatr

posed to be divided; not when it is discovered that we are a unit for the Union. It's too late in the day to take the back track now.

Christy's Minstrels [W. Christy's party] gave three performances last week at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, Canada West. The company is announced as "the original and only Christy's Minstrels, from Broadway, New York."

Tom Allen, formerly of the steamer Banjo, has left New Orleans to join the company at the Bowery Concert Hall, St. Louis, where he commenced on the 20th.

M. A. *Arnold* (formerly, we believe, attached to the Rosalie Durand Opera Troupe), when the news of the attack on Fort Sumter was received in Montgomery, Ala., sang a song of exultation at the theatre in that place, called "Beau Regard," on which Jeff Davis' telegraphic couplet was founded. The singer bears a fitting name for the treason he is assisting in promulgating. Let us stick a pin there, if nothing more.

At the Continental Circus Building, in Walnut above Eighth street, Philadelphia, Capt. Bill McMullin's Independent Rangers were drilling last week.

Lee & White's Minstrels were at Salem, Mass., on the 19th ult. The party consists of Pete Lee, Johnny White, Frank Carley, George Morton, Fred. Ashley, J. A. Morrill, and J. Ambrose.

The following card addressed to an influential gentleman of Mass., by the veteran manager, Mr. Thomas Barry, speaks for itself:—

BOSTON THEATRE, April 24, 1861.

DEAR SIR: I perceive by the morning papers that you propose organizing a squadron or more of horse for immediate service. Having served in the British First Royal Dragoons, I shall be happy and proud to volunteer my services as a drill officer, either in the riding school or field, or both. In the fall of 1816 I had a correspondence with Hon. John Q Adams, then Ambassador to England, in regard to entering the American service for the above purpose. Although so many years have elapsed, I believe I have forgotten little of cavalry tactics, and that the skill I then possessed of instructing soldiers in their duties, has not departed from me.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,
your obedient servant, THOMAS BARRY.

M. FIELD FOWLER, Esq.

J. E. Murdoch and Miss Susan Denin concluded an engagement at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 20th ult.

Gen. Tom Thumb and his forces will invade Poughkeepsie on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst. Peekskill on the 4th and 6th inst.

The big hearted firm of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, of Ordway's Hall, Boston, with their characteristic generosity in a laudable cause, gave three concerts at Music Hall, in that city, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th ult., in aid of the volunteers of Boston.

E. L. Davenport, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, through the generous co-operation of Miss Charlotte Cushman, and Messrs. Fairbanks and Beard (the lessors), all the attaches of the establishment, without distinction, and those doing business with him, was enabled to give a performance on the afternoon of the 27th ult., for the aid of the Massachusetts Volunteers.

Our London correspondent, "Wide Awake," gives us the following budget of theatrical and minstrel news up to the 11th of April:—FRIEND QUEEN—The Easter festivities have just finished with great *eclat*, and so great was the attraction that there were more visitors to London than have been known for several years. Fifteen thousand people visited the Crystal Palace every day in the Easter week.....The Italian opera season up to the present time, has not been very remunerative. "La Prophete" was played, with Mad'lle. Rosa Cizelling, as *prima donna*, and Tamberlik, as "John of Leyden;" it was brought out with every splendor, and with that style and completeness with which it was always produced in London.....Mr. E. T. Smith opened Old Drury with Wallace's "Amber Witch." Miss Parepa replaces Madam Lemmins Sherrington, and Sims Reeves finds an able substitute in Mr. Swift as Count Rudiger.....At the Haymarket, "The Miller and His Men," has been produced very effectively, with Mr. Crompton, as Karl, W. Farren as Lothair, and Mr. Howe as Grindoff.....At the Princess', Mr. Fechter is drawing immense houses with his Hamlet, and no change in the performances will be made there for some time to come. The press speak very highly of this artist, and pronounce him one of the finest actors in this country; he will shortly appear in conjunction with Mr. Phelps, alternately in the parts of Othello and Iago. A new play is soon expected at this theatre, written by Mr. Fechter and Mr. John Brougham, in which Miss Reynolds will sustain the part of the heroine.....At the Adelphi, Miss Julia Daly appears in "Our Female American Cousin".....A new drama, viz: "Magloire, the Prestigator," has been produced with every splendor, and will run till the "Colleen Bawn" is reproduced..... Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean have been drawing immense houses at the Standard Theatre; this house has been newly fitted up and decorated, and Mr. Douglas deserves great praise for the very able manner he brought out the plays of "The Wife's Secret," and "Louis XI".....Mr. and Mrs. C. Matthews have been playing in "The Pirates of the Savannah" to very bad houses.....At the Lyceum, Madame Celeste inaugurated the re-opening of this popular place by the production of two new pieces, both of which were deservedly successful—the first is entitled "McCarthy More," in which Mr. John Drew has made a big hit; the second piece is entitled "New Year's Eve, or the Belle of the Season," (better known in America as Camille), Miss Matilda Heron played the part of the heroine, (her first appearance at the Lyceum) and made a very favorable impression on the audience.....At Her Majesty's Concert Saloon, attached to Her Majesty's Theatre, the Christy's Minstrels have been playing to crowded houses during the holidays. They have introduced several new features; Billy Patterson and Johnny Roach have become very popular with this company. The place of poor G. W. Meeker is now very ably filled by Mr. Steele, one of the finest violincello players in this business. I hope you will not again for many years be called upon to record the death of another of the Christys, as at present they are all looking remarkably well. Mr. Brough has just finished a new burlesque on "The Bohemian Girl" for this company.....The Buckleys did a good business at Nottingham last week.....Heath's African Opera Troupe were in Manchester.....Templeton and Joe Brown's Troupe were in Leeds, these two companies are fighting against each other.....The comic trio, Warden, West and Farrenberg, have had a grand split, and next week Warden leaves them.....Washington Norton did not create such a sensation in this country as he purposed; he performed one night alone, and then was obliged to double with Tom Handford, a clever English performer, and in a short time they will do well. Norton, we were sorry to see, made his first appearance in things that are performed here every night in all the concert halls in London. His Mississippi fling was good, but it is not appreciated here; his jig is moderate, and his Hoop De Dooden Do, and Bob Ridley, would not do. Crocker is considered the best Bob Ridley in London. He, with Ritter and Donaldson, are working well together; they all do single acts, and are playing at three or four places every night.....Father Kemp's Old Folks were well received at the Crystal Palace. Miss Emma Nicols is a great favorite; her songs of Minnie Clyde, and the Captain with his Whiskers, have become very popular.....Henry Mogliton, one of the Rocky Mountain Wonders, the greatest card in his line ever in London, and who met with a severe accident at the Alhambra while performing on the Flying Trapeze, at one time was reported to be dead; but I am happy to inform you he is fast recovering, and will be able to attend to his business in a few weeks. The rest of the company are still performing there. The rope broke with Fisher last night, and he had a narrow escape; this is a very dangerous act, and I think it will be prohibited here. I have just learned that E. T. Smith, the great theatrical manager, has become bankrupt. What a fall was there! "Too many irons in the fire."

Adah Isaacs Menken closed at McVicker's, Chicago, after a week's engagement, which did not prove very encouraging, the war and other causes tending to keep people away from the theatre. From Chicago, Miss Menken returned to Sherlock's Theatre, Detroit, where she commenced on the 22d inst., to a good house. She will be in New York next week.

Professor Anderson has been doing well at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo. It is said that he might fare well for some time longer were it not that the charge for admission, 50 cents, is rather too steep for the Buffaloes. The Professor shows in Hamilton, C. W., on the 30th., to continue five nights.

Buffalo has had an extra allowance of minstrelsy of late. Duprez & Green's troupe played a good engagement of three nights at St. James' Hall, but, according to our correspondent, they did not seem to please the masses. Our correspondent further says, that Unsworth's party opened to a big house, but the audiences showed a considerable falling off on the two following nights. The public were greatly disappointed in his party. Unsworth, as usual, was great; and Eugene and Donniker are always welcome, but the least said about the remainder of the troupe, the better. George Christy played four nights to fair business, but I regret to say that George is degenerating sadly as a performer. W. Arlington made himself a great favorite, and certainly is the star of the troupe. Next [this] week we are to have Hooley & Campbell's band.

The National Troupe of Glass Blowers very generously blowed last week, at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, for the benefit of the families of the Volunteers in that place.

It is said that the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, will open next month, under the management of Mr. Meech. It is a bad time to open theatres just now.

Madame Inez Fabbri gave a musical festival at Crystal Palace, Hamilton, C. W., on the 25th ult., for the benefit of the Agricultural Fair. She was assisted by Miss Anna Rosetti, Mr. Charles R. Adams, and Herr Richard Mulder.

At the Varieties, New Orleans, on the 16th ult, Mr. Chippendale took a benefit, on which occasion Mrs. Chippendale, after a long vacation from the boards, appeared as Zamora, in the "Honey Moon." Mrs. Chippendale, it is said, offered her services as Vivandiere to the Varieties Volunteers. "One more unfortunate."

The Geo. Christy Minstrels open this Monday evening, April 29th, at Mechanics' Hall, Utica. Unsworth's Minstrels performed there on the 25th ult.

Manager Hough, of the Syracuse, N. Y., Theatre, has succumbed to the spirit-stirring fife and drum, and disbanded his company.

In New Orleans, the war excitement has thrown the times so out of joint, that theatrical matters are ruling at little more than a nominal figure. Nothing of note had been doing at the Varieties during the week. On the 20th, "Dreams of Delusion" and the "Honeymoon" were given, and on the 21st, the "Lady of Lyons" and "Fool of the Family".....At the New Opera House, Frezzolini was to have appeared in Trovatore on the 19th, but seceded on account of indisposition, so it is said. Scarcity of "spons," however, is a more likely reason for thus backing out.

In reply to a communication from the manager of the Milwaukee Academy of Music, soliciting Mr. Murdoch to re-engage, that gentleman returned the following note, which speaks well for Messrs. Hurd & Perkins:—"Gentlemen—In reply to your favor proposing an extension of my engagement, permit me to say that I regret my inability to accept, on account of previous arrangements. I am much pleased with your theatre, and the efforts made by your company to support my performances, and should you remain open long enough in the season, I hope to pay you another visit. Wishing you success in the attempt to establish a permanent and legitimate theatre, I am, gentlemen, Very truly yours,

JAMES E. MURDOCH.

The Albany Concert Hall, late Green-street Theatre, is just now the only place of amusement in that city. On Friday, 3d inst., a benefit will take place there for Jerry Merrifield and Miss Kate Walters. Miss W. is said to have made a favorable impression in Albany in her impersonations of the Yankee Gal, etc.

Mrs. Easton made her *debut* at the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, on the 16th ult., and is said to have passed through a terrific ordeal of a first appearance with a self possession which augurs favorably of future success. That self possession cost her no effort, is natural, and it is natural also that it made it impossible for her to forget herself wholly in her part. Her voice, which yet requires practice to attain its full powers, has a rare capacity for the expression of the tragic and pathetic. Her enunciation is distinct, and her reading, with a little more animation, would be perfect.

Henry Ward Beecher was in Madison, Ind., on the 22d; but some how or other, the Madisonians are rather down on Henry, and talked of "accelerating" his departure from the town.

Myers' dramatic company managed to keep things moving for three weeks in Manchester, N. H. They open in Lawrence, Mass., on the 29th of April, for one week. E. L. Tilton will play a star engagement with them, opening in Damon. From Lawrence they will go to New Bedford. A complimentary benefit was tendered Mr. J. C. Myers on the 26th ult., by the citizens of Manchester, when Misses S. A. Gillman and O. C. Bryant volunteered, and Mr. E. L. Tilton also appeared.

The Albany Theatre has closed for want of patronage, notwithstanding two stars were playing there, viz: J. Wilkes Booth and Signor Cairito.

Morris & Wilson's Minstrels were in Albany on the 24th and 25th, but did not do much business. Unsworth's party followed them on the 26th and 27th. We have since learned that Morris & Wilson's party have succumbed to the pressure, and Wilson has joined Lloyd's company in this city.

Theatrical and show matters are terribly smitten in Chicago; no talent being able to bring in paying houses. A correspondent, under date of April 25, gives us the following summary of matters and things in and around that city:—DEAR CLIPPER: At this time every newspaper is daily teeming with news of the Secession War in the South. They tell us of the war in Baltimore, Virginia, South Carolina, &c., but do not in a single instance deign to notice the terrible war which is now waging against all the professionals in Chicago, resident and travelling. There was never a time since Chicago has been a city that has been so severe upon professionals as at the present. McVicker is open with his stock company, and playing to very slim houses. About three nights in a week are devoted to benefits to the different performers. Miss Ada Plunkett took a benefit last night, which was a very slim affair. Frank Harrington's name is announced for a benefit to morrow night. The Gale Sisters are still at Mac's. Ada Isaacs Menken commenced a star engagement here on the 14th. Her engagement was very speedily terminated, however, as her performance did not seem to please the "entire public." Scarcely any ladies attended.....Frank Leslie's Campbells advertised to play here a week. They commenced last Monday, and left last night, playing only three nights—cause why? They couldn't get any one in to play to. They opened to a $37 50 house, and the other two nights were less. The boys all look well. .....Evain, the pantomimist and ballet master, took a complimentary at Kingsbury's Hall, last week, which, after paying expenses, netted him about 10 or 15 dollars (*out of pocket*).—P. S.—Evain has enlisted.....Mat Flavin, Joe Williams, and John H. Myers—all comic singers—are at the Jupiter Concert Saloon.....Gus Howard, Ethiopian comedian; D. Crow, banjoist and tamborinist, are here, out of an engagement, and talk of enlisting.....Burdell is here exhibiting the Aztec Children and Earth Woman—poorly patronised.....Mons. M. Gillette attempted a feat of rope walking yesterday, but failed on account of the very severe wind and rain storm; all were satisfied, however, that he is entirely capable of performing very satisfactorily all that he advertises. He walks from the top of the Metropolitan Hotel to the top of the Briggs house—a distance of 400 feet, and about 75 feet from the ground. He will walk again to-morrow. Martenia, the wire performer and juggler, also proposes to walk the rope with him.....Mable's and Nathan's Circus will start from here about the 10th of May. Martenia will probably go with them.....Sand's advertises here for the 21, 3d, and 4th of May; Waukeegan, the 6th and 7th; Racine, the 8th; Kenosha, the 9th; and Milwaukee, the 10th and 11th.

George Seargent opens Atlantic Hall, Milwaukee, on the 1st of May as a Concert Hall. The company consists of Joe Williams, Clara Burton, Sarah Rodgers, Old Du Crow, and some others. Nat Rodgers is in Chicago. He travels with Sand's this season; also, Garry De Mott.

Gardiner Covne commenced his second week at Newcastle on-Tyne, on the 15th ult.

Mr. Neafie would appear at Leicester, Eng., on the 15th April.

The Bedouin Arabs, "the Children of the Sun, from the Scorching Desert," were still in London at last accounts, waiting for something to turn up.

Mr. Charles Fielder, for many years a favorite actor at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, died, April 31, aged thirty-one, and was followed to his last resting place by many members of the dramatic profession.

On Wednesday, 10th ult., the Garrick Theatre, in London, was put up to public competition, at the Auction Mart, by Mr. C. J. Baker. The theatre has been entirely re-erected within the last six years. The building is of the most substantial character, and occupies a large extent of ground. The entrances are well arranged, leading to the boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, which afford accommodation for 1,700 persons. The stage arrangements are complete. There are two back entrances, and the theatre is so constructed as to be available for horsemanship or a musical hall. The estate is held for fifty six years, at a ground rent of £27 a year, including land tax, and lets at £600 per annum, and is now let for religious Sunday services at the rate of £120 per annum. The first offer was £1 000, and the theatre was knocked down at £1 600.

Roger has been singing with much success at Berlin, with Mdlle. Artot for prima donna. He took leave of the Berlinese in "Le Prophete." During a late concert at the Palace, his Majesty expressed his sympathy with Roger on the severe accident to his arm; "but," the King added, "I am an older victim to field sports, as you see," and he showed him his hand, one of the fingers of which was amputated from a similar cause.

The Lyceum Theatre of Barcelona, recently destroyed by fire, was one of the finest in the world, and would hold at least twice as many as the Grand Opera in Paris. A Spaniard, a native of Barcelona, says that between this theatre, which was built about fifteen years ago, and the older one, a jealousy existed so terrible as to suggest the conjecture that the fire may not have been accidental. There was an Italian Opera at each house, the Government not daring to give an exclusive privilege to either. Some years ago, General Concha, the then Governor, reported that he would not be responsible for the peace of the town if anything were done to offend the partisans of either theatre.

Ole Bull, the great violinist, having returned to England after an absence of several years, was to have made his first appearance at St. James' Hall, London, on Wednesday evening next, April 17th, with Miss Louisa Pyne.

A new concert saloon has been opened in Philadelphia, called the Grotto Concert Saloon (late Kossuth), 7th, above Chestnut. Mr. Fred Aims is the proprietor, and has collected the following company:—Miss Ada Tesman and Miss Julia Price, vocalists; Miss Cora Ceville, danseuse. The Ethiopian department consists of Ole Bull, Dick Myers, Billy Chambers, Tom Mead; Master Francis, burlesque dancer; Chas. Boggs, comic vocalist; James Stella, balladist.

Miss Greenfield, the Black Swan, assisted by Miss Sedgwick and Prof. Cook, gave a series of musical entertainments at Poughkeepsie on the 23d, 24th and 25th ult.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving—the latter formerly Miss Kincade—suddenly seceded from the Gayety Theatre, Albany, on the 22d ult. It is understood that they are now at Utica.

Alex. Robinson & Co.'s Circus pitched their tent at Carthage, N. Y., on the 26th ult., Watertown on the 27th, and at Antwerp on the 29th.

Major Burnell's Museum of Living Wonders, was showing at Nassau, N. P., Bahamas, in the early part of April, under the patronage of his Excellency, the Governor. In the show are the Walters Family of Dwarfs. This family comprise Major Hiram Walters, 50 years of age, 38 inches in height, and weighs 53 pounds; Miss Roxana Walters, 44 years of age, 30 inches in height, and weighs 28 pounds; Miss Kate Walters, 41 years of age, 34 inches in height, and weighs 37 pounds—accompanied by their giant sister, Miss Nancy Walters, who is 22 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, being taller than the generality of ladies, thereby showing to good advantage the greatest disparity in size, which is quite diverting as well as astonishing. These specimens of *genus homo* belong to Wythe County, Virginia, the three small ones being the oldest, while the large sister is the youngest of eight children. Their father was 6 feet 2 inches in height; their mother, and the other members of the family (with the exception of one brother, who is one inch taller than the Major, and has a wife and two children), were above the ordinary height.

A complimentary benefit to Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Seamon was given in Freeport, Ill., on the 20th inst., after which they were to start for De Ruyter, N. Y., to join Yankee Robinson's Show, which starts on the 1st of May.

At the great Union meeting held in Detroit last week, Mr. George C. Bates introduced the Nelson Sisters and brother, saying that they were natives of London, and true subjects of that noble Queen, Victoria, but had American hearts in their bosoms. The audience received them with loud cheers, and they then sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and the "Red, White, and Blue." Immense cheering followed. The Sisters closed their engagement at the theatre in Detroit on the 19th, and then proceeded to Erie. At the Detroit theatre the manager has been in the habit of reading the war dispatches each night, during which the greatest excitement prevailed.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels are on their return from the East. They show at Bangor, Me., on the 2d, 3d, and 4th, and so on towards this city. The war fever, which is said to be worse than a circus to buck against, affected them; but in addition to the war, they got sandwiched between two parties, Sherey, Thomas & Reynolds' Troupe being ahead of them, and Rumsey & Newcomb giving a fire in the rear. The latter party ran into Portland on the 25th, right on Sharpley's company, and both felt the shock, neither party having a hundred dollars in. Rumsey & Newcomb's crowd have "switched off," and intend to go to St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S. Sharpley's Minstrels will re-appear at Portland on the 6th, for the benefit of the Volunteer Relief Fund, and at Portsmouth, for the same purpose, on the 7th.

Last week, on the occasion of the departure of the Wisconsin Volunteers, from Milwaukee for the seat of war, Misses Susan and Kate Denin, assisted by the dramatic company performing there, appeared at the depot, and sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. Wyatt opened the Pine Street Theatre, Providence, R. I., on the 25th, to a fair house. The company consists of Messrs. J. R. Stevens, C. S. Goodsell, L. E. Baker, G. A. Hill, Marshall, Reynolds, etc.; Miss Helen Wyatt, leading lady; Miss Julia Wyatt, singing chambermaid; and Mrs. G. H. Wyatt. They were to remain there but three nights.

In Louisville things continue "skeery." Our correspondent, "S. T.," under date of April 23, says:—The event of the theatrical season here was the benefit of Thomas J. Carey, the treasurer—we were going to say the "gentlemanly and urbane treasurer," as that is the stereotyped phrase—but the fact is so well known, that it would be a mere waste of words to repeat it. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity; the receipts amounted to near *seven hundred dollars*. "Esmeralda" and "Othello" were the attractions—in the former, Miss Jennie Hight performed the part of Esmeralda in her usual fascinating manner. Mr. Colin Aliffriend assumed Othello for this occasion—to say the least of it, Colin was *immense* in more ways than one—his reading was very good, but his acting was rather funny. Scallan has concluded a short engagement—houses fair, notwithstanding the war excitement. Miss Maggie Mitchell was announced to open for six nights, but did not arrive in time to appear until Tuesday, April 16th. Thus far business has not been what the merits of this artiste warranted—though the houses have been paying ones. We hear that Miss Mitchell has several novelties in the way of new pieces. "Fauchon, the Cricket, will be produced. Change seems to be the order of the day here—as much of it on the stage as there is in the office. Mr. and Mrs. Elmore's term of enlistment having expired, they have retired. The Louisville public have lost two of the best artistes ever connected with the boards, and their places cannot easily be filled. Mr. Sidney Smith also retires, having received the appointment of stage manager from Commander Meach, at Buffalo. Sidney is a favorite here, and will be (if not already) there; give him time, and he'll make his mark, even were it in Utah—good bye, Sidney—*keep that knife*.....Madame Fabbri gave two concerts recently at Masonic Temple, to homeopathic houses. The public had great anxiety to hear this troupe before its arrival, but the anxiety vanished upon the night of the concert. Adams, the tenor, has a fine voice, and made an impression. Herr Mulder did his best to dislocate the piano, and when we left, there was every prospect of his succeeding.....Kane's Panorama has been here for the last two weeks—business has been far from gratifying—as a work of art it is worthy of unbounded patronage. From the talk we have heard, it was thought that the houses would have been worked up to a perfect overflow—but such was not the case. Hancker still lectures to the delight of the audiences. Hickey also puts in an appearance nightly.

Our Philadelphia summary of news is down to April 28, and will be found in the following letter of our correspondent "Young Rapid:"—FRIEND QUEEN: As I leave this city to-morrow on a tour of seven months through the West and Canadas, this will be the last letter "Young Rapid" will write from Philadelphia. Nothing can be heard in the streets now but "*Bella! horrida bella!*"—which translated means, "War! horrid war!" All the places of amusement in the city have suffered to a fearful extent during the past week. Our citizens have no time to think of amusements when their proud piece of bunting has been assailed, and our glorious country's fair fame threatened by a few hot-headed thieving Southern politicians. .... At the Arch Street Theatre, the attendance has been very meagre; in fact, I doubt if the receipts for the week have amounted to $1 000. On Monday, Wheatley's benefit was but poorly attended; and Miss Wells had about $75 in altogether. The best house during the week was that of Miss Emma Taylor, "Our Emma," on Friday, when there was about $250 in the treasury. On Monday last salaries were reduced one-half at this establishment, and the past week the company have been playing on the pro-rata system, but I doubt very much if they have received sufficient to pay their board. On the 29th, the grand military spectacle of the "Wars of Napoleon," will be brought out with everything new. It is gotten up under the special supervision of Mr. Randall, of Seven Sisters notoriety, and he promises it to exceed anything for scenic effect ever produced in this country.....At the Walnut, E. A. Sothern has been playing "Our American Cousin at Home," to rather poor houses, but much better than the week previous. Mr. Sothern remains another week. On Monday, 6th of May, Mr. Sothern opens in Boston, at the Museum, for two weeks; he then goes to New York, where he opens at the Winter Garden in his great impersonation of Lord Dundreary, in "Our Cousin at Home." The piece has been in active preparation at the Garden for the past two months, and it is said that a great deal of money has been expended in order to produce it in magnificent style. Mr. Sothern has had the privilege of engaging his own company for this piece and he informs me of the following as already engaged:—Vining Bowers, of the Walnut, one of the best low comedians at present on the American stage, and an immense favorite in this city, has been secured for the part of Asa Trenchard. Mr. Sothern prefers ring him to all others he has met on his travels. Mrs. W. C. Gladstane, also of the Walnut, has been engaged; Mr. Wm. R. Blake will be the "Binney," having in the kindest manner consented to allow Mr. S. to kick him every time he makes a joke. As Blake is a $100 per week man, I advise Sothern to perpetrate as many jokes as he can, in order to get the full value of his services.....The Stereopticon closed in this city last night. It opens next in Newark, N. J., at Library Hall, for one week. As soon as the Boston Museum closes its season, the Stereopticon opens there for two weeks, and if successful will remain the summer season.....Sanford's Home of Minstrelsy, has felt the war pressure. T. A'Becket took his benefit on Friday to a slim attendance. On Wednesday next, a matinee will be given for the benefit of the worthy manager, S. S. Sanford. .....On my way home last night from the theatres I stopped at the Good Intent Hose Co.'s House, and found a company of volunteers drilling, and feeling assured that I knew the voice of the one who was in command, stepped in and found it to be James B. Roberts, the celebrated tragedian.....There have been many rumors afloat in this city as well as in New York during the past week that Van Amburgh's menagerie had been stopped in Maryland, and their horses and wagons taken possession of by the secessionists, and used for the transportation of troops, provisions, &c. It gives me pleasure to have it in my power to deny all these misrepresentations. Mr. Van Amburgh arrived in town last evening, and no sooner arrived than I saw him and learned from him the following facts:—After starting out from Philadelphia, they visited Chester, Wilmington, &c; their first week's business averaging $700 per day, which was a big business so early in the season. The second week they averaged $600. About this time Fort Sumter was fired on, and the excitement gaining ground all over the country, their business fell off to a loss to the managers every day. The advertiser continued on, and had by this time (being two weeks ahead) reached Talbot County, Maryland, where he had made arrangements and billed about five stands, at an expense of $5000. The company were now approaching this county, and when within one or two stands of it, Mr. Van Amburgh received a letter from the States' Attorney, a copy of which I send you, and which speaks for itself:—

EASTON, Talbot Co., Md., April 24th, 1861.

To the proprietors of Van Amburgh & Co.'s menagerie:—

Gentlemen—You are hereby notified that a mass meeting of the citizens of Talbot County, on yesterday, resolved that your exhibition should not be permitted to take place in this county as advertised by you. There is great excitement among our people, and they require the civil authorities, with the aid of the military, (if necessary) to prevent your coming here at all hazards.

I, therefore, give you solemn warning not to come at all through the country, and have directed the sheriff to summon the "*posse comitatus*," and the military companies, to be ready, at a moment's warning, to use any force that may be found necessary to enforce the demand of the community and preserve the public peace.

You will, therefore, understand that your exhibition cannot take place under any circumstances in the county, and you will not be permitted to pass through our limits. Very respectfully,

J. C. M. POWELL, State's Attorney.

The company very wisely resolved to turn back, not wishing to run the risk of losing their horses and other property. Mr. Van Amburgh informs me that they will lose over $5000 by this outrageous proceeding, for they not only lost the stands that were already advertised, but they were obliged to return by the same route that they went, thus losing three days travel, and when they *did* show, which was at Kennett square, Pa., yesterday, they did so without any notice of it except a procession through the town on the day of exhibition. On Monday, the 29th, they show at Uniontown, Pa. If Mr. Van Amburgh had entered Talbot county, and been attacked, he had only to let loose the dogs of war (the animals,) and I feel certain that, in less than twenty-four hours, "States' Attorney, *posse comitatus*," and all such *varmints*, would have been suddenly *non est* in Talbot county. In several places that the company visited, they were not allowed to hoist the glorious stars and stripes; but Mr. Van Amburgh being a Union man, would not display any other, nor enter the canvas when the flag of our country was not flying from the centre pole. When the company left this city they were cautioned by the managers not to express any sentiments whatever in relation to the present difficulties, and all along the eastern shore of Maryland it was a daily occurrence for parties to induce some of the company to say something in order to commence a row, but they were *non committal*. It is the intention of the managers to try Pennsylvania for a short time, and if business should prove bad, to find a good barn, and plenty of grass, and stow away their stock until the present troublesome times are settled.....In consequence of the printing for Madigan's great show being delayed in New York, the opening has been postponed from the 29th inst. to Wednesday, May 1st, when they will make their first stand at Camden, and the second at Mount Holly.....On Monday, the 6th of May, Mr. E. N. Thayer will take his benefit at the Walnut, on which occasion Mr. James E. Murdoch and Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker have kindly volunteered, and will appear in "Money." This should draw a crowded house, despite the great excitement. I will now, for a short time, take my leave of you and your thousands of readers of the CLIPPER, wishing all prosperity and a quick settlement of the present difficulties which have enshrouded our happy country.

The "Quaker City" cannot be over *staid*, while the popular Frank Rivers continues to charm his host of admirers by the melodious music and varied amusement at his Melodeon. His programmes promise much fun and pleasure; and no doubt, all promised, will be fulfilled. As in New York, the Philadelphia houses feel the effects of the war; so in Philadelphia, the patriot boys follow the sound of the drum; but the gaps are immediately filled, and the right merry Rivers enjoys their company, and their "siller."

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's opera house is still up and doing, in Boston. On May 4th, Mr. E. Bowers takes a benefit, and the "Rallying Song of the Volunteers," "Courageous Door-keeper," &c., will help to give Mr. Bowers showers of quarters. We were just about to perpetrate an expressive wish for a long run of custom, when, reading in their programme—"Only a few nights longer, they will soon close," damped our fervor, and with best wishes, hose their end—be peace.

Charles G. Strahan and John R. Hall, as we learn from Boston, have gone to the wars; and Miss Martha Francis has also gone, as a vivandiere.

Mr. Charles Dillon closed his engagement at the Boston Museum, on the 27th. His engagement was injured by the wars. Mrs. Barrow is there this week. Miss Kate Reignolds takes a benefit on the 29th April, and Mr. Keach has one on the 1st of May.

Maryland has taken a stand against travelling show companies. See our Philadelphia correspondent's account of Van Amburgh's travels and treatment in that State.

The Baltimore theatres have gone in, the authorities refusing to permit large assemblages, except, we presume, to shoot down Northern troops, on their way to defend the national capital.

We have received a letter from our correspondent "Lexington," of New Orleans, which gives us the theatrical and show news of that city down to the 22d of April. Here is the letter: New Orleans, April 22d, 1861. FRIEND QUEEN: Amusements at this season of the year being scarce, I hardly know how to furnish sufficient of interest to be worthy of insertion. The St. Charles closed early this season, with Hermann, the magician, on the last six nights—which, notwithstanding our military excitement, drew well.....The Academy of Music, under Spalding and Rogers, after running the Zouave spectacles for some weeks, closed with Heller, the magician, but with indifferent success. [This Heller married a Southern wife, too, and didn't draw at that.—ED CLIP.].....The Varieties Theatre closed the regular season with a benefit to John Owens, the Manager, to the largest house of the season. They have again opened for a summer season of short duration.....The Opera House is on the eve of closing, with Frezzolini as the last star, and the off nights occupied by Hermann, the magician, and stock benefits.....Armory Hall opened for a summer season, but closed suddenly..... The Magnolia Concert Saloon, over the Carrolton depot, was on Saturday night opened under the direction of Wash. Petty and Jim Johnson, with Johnson's Burlesque Opera Troupe, consisting of Jim Johnson, tamborinist and banjoist; Ned Banker, as bruiser bones; Mike Clark, Bob Ridley and eccentric darkey; James Kelly, guitarist; balladist and tenor; Joe Clifford, basso, warbler and interlocutor; Johnny Lewis, wench and jig dancer; Theodore Martin, violincellist; Bishhoff, pianist, and Miss Minerva, danseuse. Being late in the season it was hard to place a greater array on the stage; but what was lacking in number was well made up by the versatility of the performers. Among so many deserving, it is impossible to particularize; but particular attention must be given to the banjo performances of James Johnson, who justly proved the right to the title of "Champion Banjoist of the World;" Mike Clark, in his stump speech, &c; Ned Banker, in his bone solo and eccentricities; Kelly and Clifford, in their duets, ballads, &c; Johnny Lewis, in his champion jig; and Theo Martin, whose solos and violin performing, ably and correctly assisted by Bishhoff on the piano; and last, though not least, Miss Minerva, whose pirouettes showed her to be *au fait* in the most difficult *pas* required of a performer on the "light fantastic toe." I cannot close without giving credit to Manager Petty for the taste displayed in decorating the hall, all of which was duly appreciated by the audience. I shall perhaps drop a line on sporting matters to-morrow.

A complimentary benefit was tendered to Mrs. Annie Sentner at the Mobile Theatre, on the 22d inst., the bill consisting of Mr. Jamison's play of "Iva, or Love's Victory," and Tobin's comedy of the "Honeymoon," in which Mrs. Mary Easton, who a short time previously made her *debut*, appeared as Juliana. The company preforming at the Mobile Theatre consisted of Messrs. G. Jamison, H. B. Phillips, E. R. Dalton, J. T. Ward, Thorpe, Daymond, Ogden, Winters, J. C. McCollum, E. B. Coleman, Curran, Riddell; Mesdames Annie Senter, John Setton, Dalton; and Miss Josephine Henry.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, opened its portals on the 25th of April, with the following forces:—Felix A. Vincent, J. G. Ashmer, Fred. Hight, T. Chandler, T. Duncan, F. G. White, J. Gross, T. G. Harcourt; Miss Marion Macarthy, Miss Ward, and Mrs. J. G. Ashmer.

George Wilcox (Mazeppa George,) of Indianapolis, has gone for a soldier. Cal. Smith and McAuley have also turned soldiers. They were in camp at Indianapolis.

The Baker Family have hauled off until the excitement of the war is over.

Charley Lovett is in Indianapolis, getting ready his mammoth balloon.

Miss Cushman did not hold her own quite so well the last as she did on the previous week, and this week she will conclude her farewell engagement in Boston. The benefit at the Howard, on the 27th, for the troops, did not quite realise $300; the company volunteered, and the total receipts were given. During the evening, the Star Spangled Banner was sung, with the addition of two verses, sung by Miss Cushman, as follows:—

VERSE, BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When our land is illumined with liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her glory!
By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,
We will keep her bright blazon for ever unstained!
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

VERSE, BY MISS STEBBINS, THE SCULPTRESS.

When treason's dark cloud hovers black o'er the land,
And traitors conspire to sully her glory,
When that banner is torn by a fratricide band,
Whose bright, starry folds shine illumined in story,
United we stand for the dear native land,
To the Union we pledge every heart, every hand!
And the Star Spangled Banner, etc.

A superb basket of flowers from the ladies of New Bedford was then passed upon the stage, with the following note.—"Will Miss Cushman receive this basket of flowers from some of the New Bedford girls who wish to show by this little tribute how sincerely they sympathize with the patriotic feelings which prompted the kind act of this evening."

Pittsburgh suffered dreadfully last week. Our correspondent, "Adelphi," of date April 27, gives the following summary of news:—FRANK QUEEN:—Our city during the past few days has presented an appearance of bustle and excitement such as I have never before witnessed, and which afforded a striking contrast to its usual air of sobriety and dullness. The military fever has raged fearfully, and from "early morn to dewy eve," at every turn our ear was saluted by the shrill notes of the fife and the stirring rap-tap-tap of the drum, accompanied by the heavy tramp of armed men, all on fire with martial ardor. Let us hope that He who overrules the destinies of nations will look down in mercy, bring this struggle of brothers to a speedy conclusion, and restore to us those brave men who have left homes and families to do battle in defence of the honor and integrity of our glorious Union against a horde of traitors, in comparison with whom Benedict Arnold would stand forth an honorable man.....The past week has been a most disastrous one for the managers of our different places of amusement. At the theatre, Mr. Couldock played the last two nights of his engagement to wretched houses. On his benefit night, those attractive dramas, "Willow Copse" and "Chimney Corner," were produced. Upon an ordinary occasion this bill would have packed the house, but it failed then to draw but little more than sufficient to pay expenses. Saturday evening, business a little better. The "Flying Dutchman" was brought out on Monday evening. Mr. James E. Murdock was "down on the bills" to commence an engagement on Tuesday evening, for which occasion the comedy of "Wild Oats" was rehearsed. But Mr. Murdock "failed to make connection," and Hidden Hand was substituted for the comedy. He arrived the next day, and was announced to appear as Hamlet in the evening; but some time during the day he departed suddenly from the city—without, we understand, offering a word of explanation to Mr. Henderson. It is stated by some that the cause of his hasty departure was the reception of a dispatch from his son, who was then at Harrisburgh with one of the regiments of Ohio volunteers, and who requested Mr. M. to go on immediately. It may be all right, but it certainly wears a decidedly bad face. The theatre was closed for the season that evening. On the 25th it was reopened by Mr. D. L. Hanchett, for two nights, one for a benefit to Miss Fanny B. Price (his stepdaughter) and the other a "farewell" for himself. Miss Price offered the following racy bill—"Hard Struggle," "Vol

THE ACTRESS OF FORTUNE, AND THE BALLET GIRL:

OR,

THE PRICE OF VIRTUE

WITH A SECRET LEAGUE.

A Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY H. T. ROGERS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Invisible Thief," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Still as Mice," no Proverb—Theory vs. Practice—The Entrance—Desperate Struggle—Todd's Peril—A Ruse—Todd's Reinforcement—Police Reinforced—A Troublesome Customer Silenced—The Prize—Song at the Rendezvous—Stephen's Speech—20 Sons, 10 Daughters and No Parents!—Lyon Robbed—Shot and Counter Shot—Lyon Killed—Todd Identified—Astonishment and Moralizing.

We have stated that the salesman who slept in the Jeweller's store overheard Swain and Todd breaking into the wall on Tuesday night. At first he was uncertain what could be their object, but when he beheld the stones shaking, and heard the voices of the workmen, his doubts were at once dissipated. He was on the point of shouting out and scaring them from the completion of their labors, but reflecting that, even if they penetrated into the cellar the door leading to the shop could be locked and bolted, he resolved to await silently the result of their operations. Besides, if he alarmed them now, they would escape, only to renew the attempt on some more favorable occasion. About one o'clock the noise ceased. The salesman remained on the watch all night, but heard nothing further.

When Mr. Creighton came in the morning, he imparted to him all that had occurred, and the worthy Jeweller was not a little surprised at the communication.

"Do you think they want to break into the store, Mr. Brennan?"

"Such must be their aim, sir."

"But why didn't they do it last night?"

"Perhaps their preparations were not finished. Burglars are extremely careful, and never throw away a chance.

"I never thought this Mr. Todd was overburdened with honesty, but if he seeks to make me his victim he will be foiled."

"He may be ignorant of what is going on; they may have broken into his place."

"No, they're not so simple as to undergo double the labor that is necessary. Todd, or some one in his employment, has originated this fine project."

"What is best to be done?"

"I will call upon the captain of the district and get a couple of his men to stay with us to night."

"Would it not be better to have the wall examined at once?"

"No, I want to catch him in the act. I'd give a thousand dollars to see that man imprisoned for five or ten years. We were never on good terms, as you know, and he has threatened me more than once."

Mr. Creighton procured the police, and they remained up all Wednesday night, but in vain—the jobber did not show his nose. The Jeweller determined, however, to keep his forces at their quarters on Thursday night also, as the reader will recollect, was the time Todd had named for the burglary.

The salesman and one officer were posted in the back part of the cellar, while Mr. Creighton, supported by the other two, took his stand in the store—the very heart of the fortress, and against which the enemy would direct their most desperate efforts. The expected thieves were to be permitted to arrive at the latter place, and then were to be attacked in front and rear. The plan of battle was all drawn up in the Jeweller's mind, and he deemed success inevitable forgetting that the most ingenious theories often prove useless and stupid when one endeavors to reduce them into action.

One o'clock sounded from old Trinity, and Creighton began to fear that Todd and his accomplices would not be captured that night. Now he hurried down stairs, spoke to Mr. Brennan, and went up again, only to return the next moment. One would have imagined he was impatient to be robbed, so great was his restlessness.

At length somebody was heard moving about in the adjoining cellar, the word of alarm was passed from mouth to mouth, and the garrison instantly had all their faculties about them in expectation of what would follow. The lights were extinguished.

The salesman and his companion, who were ensconced behind some barrels, now heard the removal of stones, one by one. In another minute the glare of a lantern flashed through the place, and Swain's head appeared at the opening. One of his arms came after it, and his whole body was soon visible to the watchers. Mr. Walter Todd was with him, and both seemed as cool and collected as if they were taking an evening walk for the benefit of their health. Swain halted in the middle of the cellar, and gazed inquisitively around him. The men in the corner crouched still lower behind their barricade.

"All's well so far," said the lieutenant.

"The salesman is asleep."

"So it seems."

"Be careful in ascending these stairs; they look rather rickety."

They were again in motion, and went slowly up towards the store. Brennan and the policeman left the spot in which they had been concealed, and followed in their tracks.

Swain and the Jobber reached the next floor, and placed their lantern on the counter.

"Where can his bed be?" asked the former.

"I havn't the least idea, but we must find it; it would never do to let him creep out while we are at work."

At this moment, Mr. Creighton and the two officers rushed upon them, and a desperate struggle commenced. Few men can boast of such strength as was possessed by Swain and Todd, and, notwithstanding the reinforcement presently received by their adversaries in the persons of Brennan and the third policeman, the result of the contest was by no means certain. The jobber was evidently no stranger to rough and tumble scrimmages, for before the assailing party succeeded in closing with him, he disabled Creighton by a powerful kick in the stomach which doubled up the Jeweller into a ball, and rendered him nearly senseless with pain. Then, seizing him by the arms, he swung him round and round like a heavy club, knocking down his opponents like ten pins, and clearing an open space about him.

Swain, seeing that the Jobber could defend himself for a time, made towards the door for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of those members of the Family who were waiting in the street; but while his back was thus turned, two of the officers precipitated themselves upon him, and bore him to the ground, slipping on the handcuffs before he could rise.

In the meantime, Brennan had grasped hold of Mr. Creighton's legs, and Todd, finding that his battering ram was useless, darted up the stairs, intending to gain the roof.

One of the policemen remained to guard the prisoner and the Jeweller lay on the floor, incapable of motion; the rest scrambled up after the Jobber. They were so close upon his heels that at the first landing, he was obliged to turn and dispute their passage. A ponderous step-ladder was standing here, and, raising it in his arms, he dashed it down upon them, resuming his upward flight before they recovered from the confusion it produced.

At last he entered the upper story, and gained the roof, a bullet whistling past his head as he emerged into the night air. His pursuers had not thought it necessary to use their revolvers before.

They now endeavored to raise the trap-door leading to the roof, but as only one of them could get at it at a time, Todd baffled all their attempts by standing on it. He was now in a very critical position; if he ran off, and tried to descend into some other house, the police would sally out and pounce upon him before his object could be effected. Listening attentively, he heard them going down the ladder.

The only means of safety now presented itself; unless he took advantage of the moment, all was lost.

Stealing softly across the roof, he reached the edge, and gazed down into the street. A group of men were standing on the other side of the way.

"Is that you, Parker?" he vociferated.

"Yes," was carried back to him on the wind.

"Swain's nabbed—there are three or four policemen in the house—here is the key to my store—rescue us."

Throwing down the key, he hastened back to the trap-door, and was not a moment too soon, for those beneath were just renewing their efforts to raise it. Each instant seemed now lengthened into an age; everything depended on the skill of those who were coming to relieve him.

"I say!" he cried through the door, wishing to keep his pursuers engaged.

"Well!" replied one.

"Would my sentence be light if I surrendered quietly?"

"Of course it would."

"Mr. Creighton wouldn't intercede for me?"

"He's just the man to do it."

"Oh! yes, I know all that."

"You'd better come down now; we'll have you anyhow, if we wait till morning."

"Let me off, and I'll give you two hundred a piece."

"No use, Mr. Todd; it's against orders."

"Then, you can go to—; I stand here all night."

In the meantime the policeman in the store, having tied Swain's legs, set about bringing Mr. Creighton back to consciousness. The terrible kick bestowed upon him by the jobber had forced the breath out of his body, and the hauling and pulling he subsequently endured had nearly killed him outright. As the officer was thus employed a pair of strong hands encircled his neck, and before he could give vent to a cry, he was nearly in as bad a condition as the man he had been attempting to revive.

Swain was set at liberty, and took the direction of the band. He was much amazed by their timely appearance, and demanded what had induced them to quit their station in the street.

"Mr. Todd spoke to us from the roof," rejoined Parker.

They now proceeded up stairs, the lieutenant going first with the lantern. Just below the landing of the upper story they paused to take observations. The policeman had brought up a long board and placed it against the trap-door, so that their united strength could be available in pushing it up; as they were bending to their work, Swain gave the sign, and the entire party charged on the emissaries of the law.

The combat was a short one; the salesman and the two unlucky peelers were soon bound and gagged, and Todd, delighted with the changed aspect of affairs, came down the ladder. The prisoners were conducted to the store in single file, and a council of war was then held to determine what would be done next.

Mr. Creighton had at length recovered his senses, and the expression of his face, on beholding the disgrace and downfall of his allies, was miserable and woe-begone in the extreme.

"A very pleasant surprise you concocted for me," said the jobber. "However, I hope you're not much injured."

"Ha! ha! ha!" chorused the band.

"I came here to buy a pretty big bill of jewelry, but as you are not well enough to show me the stock, I'll just look it over, and choose for myself."

"Here he was interrupted by some one speaking at the front door:—

"Mr. Creighton."

"That's the captain of the district," said Swain, "he's an old acquaintance of mine, and I'd know his voice among a thousand. We can do nothing more to-night."

"Mr. Creighton!" called the man outside.

"Lift him up," said Todd, pointing to the jeweller.

This was done.

"Now pay attention to me. You must answer this individual at the door, and if you utter a word I don't like, this knife will finish you forever. Take the gag from his mouth."

The man of gold and silver was led forward, Mr. Todd holding the dagger at his side."

"Mr. Creighton!" repeated the captain of the district, for the third time, and louder than ever.

"What do you want?" replied the unfortunate jeweller.

"Have you heard anything to-night?"

"No."

"The men may as well come away, as that's the case."

"Tell him to let them remain another hour," prompted Todd.

Creighton did so, the captain assented, and immediately afterwards retreated from the door.

"We have nothing more to fear from him," remarked the jobber, "and I am really under immense obligations to you for delivering us from his unwelcome presence."

"Enough, sir—don't add insult to injury."

"Hello!" cried the voice at the door, for the fourth time.

"By all that's damnable, here he is back again; what the devil can he want now?"

"Tell Mr. Morris I want to speak with him," continued the captain outside.

"He's in the cellar," responded the captain inside.

"No matter, I must see him."

"Let the fool in," ordered Todd.

Accordingly the door was unlocked, the troublesome visitor entered, a thick stick fell upon his head, and he was stretched out beside his companions in misfortune.

"Where is Mr. Morris?" asked Swain. "Here's a friend of his from the country."

Then the crowd roared with laughter, and Mr. Creighton groaned.

"Well," said Parker, "this is what I call comic."

"Let us count the heads," added another, "I ain't seen so many policemen for a year past."

"Come, come," directed Todd, "we have business on hand."

The hint was taken without unnecessary delay, and I will venture to assert that so much business was never done there before in half an hour. Every man was loaded down with gold and silver trinkets, brooches, rings, and watches. It was the most profitable night's work the Family had ever been engaged in. Having brought the affair to this glorious termination, Todd addressed the men, and told them to return to the house in Roosevelt street, in different directions, as it would be scarcely prudent for them to go in a body.

They then locked the door and dispersed.

In twenty minutes the booty was safely stowed away.

It was now after two o'clock, and all the members of the Family, with the single exception of the Captain, were assembled in the long windowless room described in the first chapter. It was just as hot and as full of smoke as it was then, and the occupants were as merry and uproarious. No people enjoy themselves more than criminals in their leisure hours; as their freedom may be wrested from them at any moment, they probably desire to make the most of it while it is theirs. The extensive haul just made filled every breast with gaiety.

Parker was detailing the particulars of the expedition, and as he dwelt upon the coolness and sagacity of Mr. Todd, the apartment echoed with merriment and applause.

"A song, a song," cried one, when the narrative was finished.

"Strike up, Williams."

Williams, it will be remembered, was the man who had such a severe fight with Parker at the commencement of our record; but they were reconciled shortly after, and were now firm friends. He was the vocalist of the Family. His song ran as follows:—

"Oh! I am a burglar, merry and gay,
I live on the best in the land;
I work by night and sport by day,
And have money forever at hand,
At hand!
And have money forever at hand.

One night as I ranged thro' a millionaire's house,
I entered a chamber so fine;
And swore that, unless I some sleeper aroused,
The jewels therein should be mine,
Be mine!
The jewels therein should be mine.

So I pocketed all that my hands came across,
When all of a sudden I saw
A beautiful creature her arms upward toss,
And gaze at my figure in awe,
In awe!
And gaze at my figure in awe.

Since I swore that the gems in this chamber I'd take,
I was bound by my oath, you must know,
That I never this elegant room could forsake,
Unless she—the fair jewel—would go,
Would go!
Unless she—the fair jewel—would go.

But this was no time to remember my oath,
And I quickly got ready for flight;
Saying, 'Farewell, my beauty, to part I am loth,
But I really must bid you good night,
Good night!
But I really must bid you good night.'

Then she turned to the wall—Oh! how softly she sighed,
It can't be expressed in my rhyme;
And raising her beautiful hand, she replied:—
'Don't go, there is plenty of time.
Of time!
Don't go, there is plenty of time.'"

"Did you go, Williams?"

"Hush, here's the Captain."

Stephens had evidently something of importance on his mind, for his countenance was unusually grave and serious.

When silence was completely established, he said:—

"You are all intimate with the rules that bind us together, and know as well as I can tell you, that these rules must be observed by me just the same as if I were a simple member of the band. When the Family was organized you chose me for your Captain, and I believe I am right in thinking that I never gave you reason to regret the choice."

"No, no!" from all sides.

"Very well. This answer is what I expected. I have always acted towards you in an open, straightforward manner, and I am going to do so now. I am about to resign the position I have held so long, and to quit the country—perhaps forever. Swain will succeed me as Captain."

"If you go, we may as well break up at once; we're rich enough."

The members gathered about Stephens and besought him to remain with them; but these efforts were useless; he was firm in his resolution.

"As this is the last night I'll be with you; we'll not adjourn just yet."

So they remained there talking for some time longer.

About half past three Swain and Stephens quitted the company again, and the house also. Turning into Chatham street, they walked quickly until they approached the residence of Mr. Michael Lyon, the clothes dealer.

Pausing here, they gazed keenly along the thoroughfare, but there was nobody in view, and not a sound broke the stillness of the night.

Drawing close up to the door, Stephens took from his pocket a bunch of skeleton keys. He was an expert in handling them, and speedily succeeded in his design.

When they were in the store, Swain struck a light.

"This is a rather busy night," he muttered.

"Yes, I am afraid the family will become purse-proud."

"Did you hear Williams saying they were rich enough? The fellow won't have a cent in a week."

"I don't see how they manage to get rid of it all."

"That's their secret, but they do it. We are the most spendthrift family in New York."

"What else can you expect with twenty sons and ten daughters?"

"And no parents to guide them."

Ascending to the second story, they found the door of the Jew's apartment open; he himself slept in a room beyond, and his deep breathing could be distinctly heard.

There was very little furniture in the place, and that not of the best description. A small table, three or four chairs, and a sofa in the last stages of dilapidation, sufficed for his humble wants. He was one of those who placed no value on outward show, who are willing to wear a tattered coat provided the pockets are filled, and to let others glory in the shadow of wealth while they clutch the substance.

The Captain began to ransack the drawers, but they contained nothing of any value.

Their attention was next drawn to a small safe in which they conjectured Lyon's wealth to be kept. It was an undertaking of much labor to pick the lock, and all their patience and ingenuity was required to accomplish the task. When it was done, however, their toil was well rewarded. There were bank bills to the amount of several thousand dollars, and almost as much more in gold pieces.

The Jew was certainly worth more than five thousand, but the balance of his fortune was either in the bank or secured in some other part of the building.

Still, as nothing more could be had, they were satisfied with what they got. Stephens had anticipated that it would be a very difficult matter to rob Lyon, whereas it turned out a very easy one. Todd had looked forward to but few obstacles in his enterprise against Creighton, and met with many. We never know what an hour may bring forth.

Having cleared out the safe, Swain peeped in at the Jew, who was sleeping soundly. A stove was standing in the bed-room, and the heat was nearly insufferable.

"He's got a warm berth in there," said the lieutenant.

"Lucky for him if he never has a warmer one."

"Lucky for us all."

"True."

"It would be a charitable action to throw up the window, and cool him off a little."

"No, no," replied Stephens, smiling.

"What's that hanging on his bed-post?"

"His watch."

"So it is, as I am a sinner. I must have it."

"You'll be taken in—such time-keepers as that can be bought for a dollar a bushel."

Swain crawled in, and grabbed the object of his cupidity. The noise he made in doing so, slight as it was, awakened the Jew. Opening his eyes, he perceived the lieutenant and recognized him. His eyes were instantly shut again. He was at no loss to comprehend why Swain was there; but his great self-command enabled him to refrain from crying out. Had he done so, his life would not have been worth a breath of air, and he knew it.

Slipping his right hand gradually under the pillow, he drew out a double-barreled pistol, but dared not cock it while Swain lingered in the apartment.

This inactivity, however, was not of long continuance, and as the midnight depredators went down the stairs, he discharged a bullet after their retreating forms. His aim was bad, and no injury was done. Rushing to the window, he fired the second barrel as they issued from the store.

A sharp cry of pain from the lieutenant told that the leaden messenger had this time done its duty; but it would have been better for Lyon had the bullet went wide of the mark, for the wounded man, who was hit on the left arm, turned on his heel, discharged his revolver three times, and then fled rapidly from the spot, accompanied by Stephens.

The Jew fell backward to the floor—shot through the head. There he lay all night—a ghastly spectacle—one whose life had benefitted nobody but himself, and whose death there were none to mourn. Exit Lyon.

In the morning Mr. Creighton's clerks began to assemble. To their great astonishment, the store was yet closed. Next came Mr. Todd's clerks, Wilkins, Shorty and the rest of them; their store was closed.

"Where's Mr. Creighton?" asked one.

"Where's Mr. Todd?" enquired another.

The two parties lounged about like hostile factions, eying each other, and wondering what it could all mean, until somebody brought a key and opened the Jeweller's door. Then the murder was out. Throngs blocked up the sidewalks, among them Timber and Buckstone, who chanced to be passing by in search of an item. The most improbable stories were circulated, but all agreed in pronouncing Mr. Walter Todd to be a rogue of the first water.

Creighton was nearly ruined. The report of the burglary soon spread through the city, and old Mr. Benson was astounded at the Jobber's wickedness and duplicity.

"If he can be a rogue," he said, "who is honest?"

Wilkins, the book-keeper, was in despair.

"Increased your salary yesterday, didn't he?" questioned Shorty.

"I see through it now—the ruffian."

"Well, he must be a hard case, there's no two ways about it."

"I always thought there was something wrong about him," added Wilkins," that everlasting grin of his was enough to stamp him for a villain!"

"But, I say, he did Creighton nicely, did'nt he!"

"Ha! ha! ha! there's no denying that."

So runs the world; if a man is proved to be a rascal now-a-days, we seem to take pleasure in knowing that he is a smart one, as if his acutness could palliate his want of integrity.

CHAPTER XXII.

Dogged—Mr. Benson Meets his Daughter—Todd Becomes Stephens—Mysterious Shot—Todd Wounded—Maxwell, and His End—Frank's Enigma Solved—Conclusion—Swain and the Dark Family—The Actors of the Story Disposed of—An Item Shocking to "Mrs. Grundy."

On Saturday evening, as Stephens was leaving a saloon on Broadway, he beheld a familiar face among the crowd; it was flushed and heated with liquor, and the eyes contemplated him with an expression of bitter hatred. The Captain recognized an enemy at once, and murmured to himself—"That man must be disposed of—there is murder in his look."

On Monday morning the stranger crossed his path again; his features were more haggard than at first, and the eyes wilder and more inflamed. Convinced that this person was dogging him with the intention of taking his life, the Captain directed Swain to maintain a close watch upon the man's actions.

Monday was the day on which Mr. Benson was finally to have an interview with his daughter, as had been arranged in Walter Todd's store.

Although Stephens had acquainted her with what was about to take place, she was as calm and composed as usual.

When Frank and his father arrived at the house in Broome street, they were received by Mr. Todd, who greeted them warmly, and offered to shake hands with them. But the old merchant drew back, saying:—

"I did not expect, sir, to meet you here after what happened at Mr. Creighton's on last Thursday night."

The jobber made no answer, but retired for a moment, and came in again, leading by the hand the woman who, throughout our story, has been know as Henrietta Lyon.

We will pass over the merchant's raptures at once more embracing his beloved daughter; such scenes, as the reporters say, can be better imagined than described.

When his emotions were somewhat under control, Mr. Benson turned to Walter Todd.

"I would now like to be introduced to Mr. Stephens."

"He stands before you," replied the jobber.

"Where?"

"Here;" and Todd removed his false whiskers, revealing the pale countenance of the Captain of the Dark Family.

Scarcely was this revelation made, when a pistol shot resounded through the room, and Stephens fell bleeding to the floor. Then there was the sound of struggling, and Mr. Benson and Frank rushed into the back parlor. They were confronted by Swain.

"Murderer! why have you done this?"

"It was merely an accident," answered the lieutenant. "I was cleaning the weapon, and it suddenly went off. Is he dead?"

"No," said Stephens, who was again on his feet, and overheard the altercation, "it's only a flesh wound, and will be of little consequence. This is a friend of mine, gentlemen"—pointing to Swain—"and would be the last man in the world to harm me."

The lieutenant gave the speaker his arm to lean upon.

"Who fired?" demanded the Captain, in a low voice.

"The man who was tracking you. He sneaked into the house, I stabbed him, and threw him into the yard from the back window."

"Ha!—*Maxwell*."

So Frank Benson's enigma was solved at last—Stephens and Todd *were* one and the same person, as he had all along suspected. Knowing this, many things which had been before incomprehensible, were now as clear as daylight itself.

A few words and we will ring down the curtain.

Stephens and his wife, accompanied by Mr. Benson, senr., went to Europe, and have not yet returned.

Swain became Captain of the Dark Family.

Hugh Canley is still a newsboy.

Mr. Temple broke his leg by falling through a trap-door in the stage, and was compelled to retire from the profession of which he was once a shining light. As he was carred home, he was heard to say, "The profession is going to the devil." He must have been mistaken in that, for it bids fair to outlive himself. By the way, I wish to assert emphatically that the character of Mr. Temple is not intended as a description of any actor or manager that has appeared on the N. Y. boards during the last seven years; those who set their wits to work, therefore, to find out points of resemblance between him and any other performer, will be doing so entirely on their own responsibility. Since his retirement, his name is no longer on the public tongue, and but very few remember the man at all. Enough said.

Of the after lives of Ward and Mrs. Burroughs, I am unadvised; but the Major never returned to Peggy Slope.

Shorty—I beg his pardon, Mr. Harding—and Wilkins went into partnership, and are now doing business in one of the finest marble palaces on Broadway. The union between Frank Benson and the *dancer* is a happy one, and they are everywhere cited as models of conjugal felicity. It must be admitted, however, that their feminine neighbors were rather shocked at hearing an infant crowing in the house five months after marriage.

THE END.

"WOMEN OF NEW YORK."—A curious new Book by a Lady, giving the Portraits and Biographies of Thirty-six Female Characters as she finds them in the City, with a spicy and interesting description of their respective peculiarities, and how they contrive to keep up appearances and live. A great novelty and happily suited to both sex, containing more romance in truth than we commonly find in works of fiction. The characters include Fascinating Ladies, Old Men's Darlings, Ladies of Pleasure, Dashing Widows, Women in Black, Widows' Daughters, Ladies of Fashion, Adventuresses, Bogus Ladies, Confidence Women, and others equally as interesting and mysterious to the outside world. Fancy binding. 350 pages, 50 engravings. Mailed free, for One Dollar. COUNTRY AGENTS Wanted every where. Particulars of Book or Agency sent gratis. Address HANKINS & CO., 132 Nassau st., up stairs, N. Y. 3

RACE BOATS FOR SALE.—Two Four-Oared Shell Boats, nearly new, and a Six-Oared Clincher-built Boat, for sale. For particulars as to weight, dimensions, &c., address Box 479 Post Office, Toronto, Canada West. 2 5t*

*See remarks to Mary E. M., this week.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S IMPROVED

BILLIARD TABLES

AND

COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 28, 1856. Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 29, 1859.

The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table.

Salesroom, Nos. 736 and 738 Broadway, New York.
Manufactory, Nos. 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
Sole Manufacturers.

PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

EXTRA!

BOOKS
BOOKS
BOOKS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.

READ THIS.
READ THIS.
READ THIS.

DO YOU WISH ANYTHING FROM NEW YORK?
IF YOU DO,
YOU CAN HAVE ANY BOOK YOU SEE ADVERTISED SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS, POST PAID, BY REMITTING THE PRICE IN CASH OR STAMPS.

You can have any article you wish that cannot be obtained in the city or town where you reside, sent to your address lower than you could buy it yourself.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
THOMAS ORMSBY'S
COMMISSION BUREAU, AND
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 86 Nassau street, New York.

BOOKS, CARDS, PLAYING CARDS, PRINTS, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, FANCY GOODS, GLOVES, FOILS, SPORTING ARTICLES, and MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Purchased and forwarded to any part of the United States or Canadas, at the lowest rates. Catalogues sent free. References given when required. Any information promptly transmitted without charge.

Send for a Catalogue,
Send for a Catalogue,
Send for a Catalogue,

and address
and address
THOMAS ORMSBY,
General Purchasing Agent,
86 Nassau street, New York.

P. S.—All books formerly advertised in this paper sent as usual.

READ! READ! READ!

BOOKS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
DO YOU WANT ANYTHING FROM NEW YORK?
IF YOU DO,
YOU CAN HAVE ANY BOOK YOU SEE ADVERTISED, NO MATTER WHERE, OR BY WHOM PUBLISHED, SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS, BY ENCLOSING THE PRICE IN CASH OR STAMPS TO OUR ADDRESS. YOU WILL RECEIVE THE WORK BY RETURN OF MAIL, POST PAID.

You can have any article you wish, that cannot be obtained in the city or town where you reside, sent to your address lower than you could buy it yourself.

W. M. HATHAWAY'S
COMMISSION BUREAU AND
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 23 Ann street, New York.

BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYING CARDS, PRINTS, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, FANCY GOODS, GLOVES, FOILS, SPORTING ARTICLES, AND MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Purchased and forwarded to any part of the United States or Canada, at the lowest rates. If you wish to know the price of any article of Merchandise, or any Book you may be in want of, write; we will give you the information, and pay postage on your letter.

Send for a Catalogue, and address
W. M. HATHAWAY,
General Publishing Agent,
49 8t* 23 Ann street, New York.

BOOKS, PRINTS, &C.,
Of every description.
CATALOGUES FORWARDED
TO THE COUNTRY
UPON THE RECEPTION OF A
THREE CENT STAMP.
Address A. GORDON,
49k 95 Duane street, New York.

PAPER, PAPER, PAPER.—The largest stock of book, news and wrapping paper in the city.
STRAW BOARDS and STRAW PAPERS for Shipping.
CANDLE-WICK and CAP-WASTE.
47 tfv 8 BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman st.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 14 and 16 Ann st., New York.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application.
Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address post paid, will receive immediate attention.
All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertised, will be furnished to order.
Catalogues sent on application. Address
J. H. FARRELL,
Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles,
47-4t* 14 and 16 Ann street, New York.

BOOKS, PRINTS, CARDS, &c.—
CATALOGUES
sent to the country on receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address JOHN ATCHISON,
93 Duane street, N. Y.
No fraud practised. No agents employed. 9

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS.—Send your address, and two red stamps to HOWARD M. GRAVES, Boston Post Office, Mass., and he will inform you, by return mail, of a sure method of winning at all the various games. 3-tf

CARDS THAT YOU CAN CHANGE from one size to another without detection, sent free of all expense on receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps, by H. B. GRAY,
3-tf Boston, Mass.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY.—Orders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.
[46 tf] HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau street, New York.

BOXING AND SWORD GLOVES, Riding and Shooting Leggins, and Buckskin Shooting Coats, manufactured by HEALY & CO.,
3-tf S. E. cor. Fourth and Chesnut sts., Philad'a, Pa.

GAME FOWLS.—For sale and always on hand for breeding, or Pit purposes, such as English, Irish, Derbies, Seftons, Mexicans, and all of the most popular breeds imported into this country; also, two pairs of imported fowls for sale. Eggs $3 per dozen. Address L. B. LEGG, Box 65, Dover, N. H. 47

BOOK OF NATURAL MAGIC.—The "Wizard of the North's" great book of Natural Magic, containing 300 amusing tricks. Price 25 cents. Sent to any address in the United States or Canada. Address
52-tf N. B. HOWARD & CO., 23 Ann st., N. Y.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES
FORCED TO GROW ON THE SMOOTHEST FACE
BY MY ONGUENT,
IN SIX WEEKS FROM THE FIRST APPLICATION.

When I first made this announcement in 1852, people laughed and would not believe, but in a short time some few people used the Onguent, and they spoke so highly of it that it began to sell without being advertised, and during the past seven years I do not recollect a single case in which it has failed to do all I say. It acts only on the roots of the beard, and is perfectly harmless to the skin and leaves no stain. Price $1, sent by mail post free to any address in the United States. R. G. GRAHAM,
3-1t* 199 Nassau street, New York.